MEN ONLY

Volume 42 Number 8 60 pence
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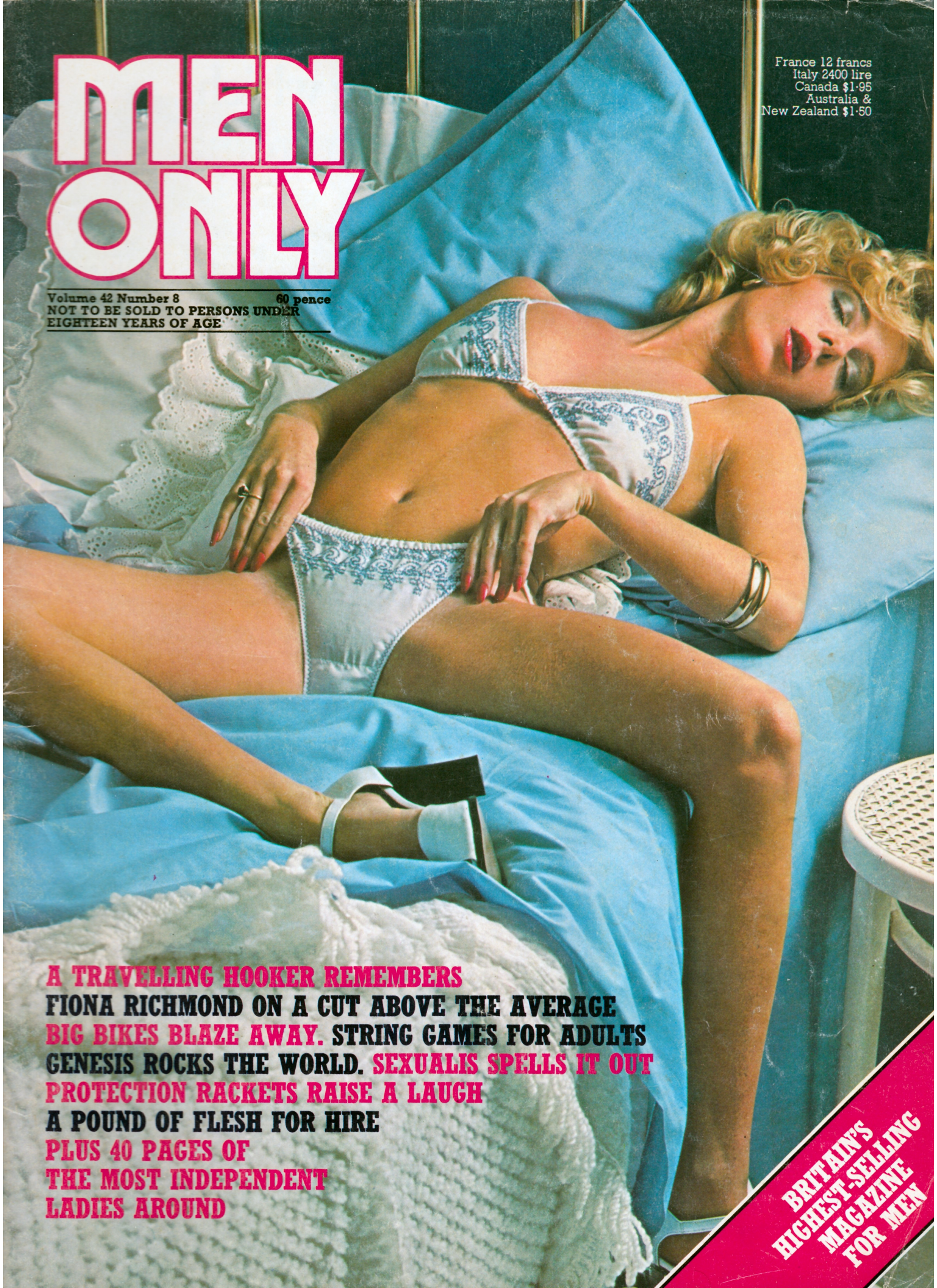

A TRAVELLING HOOKER REMEMBERS
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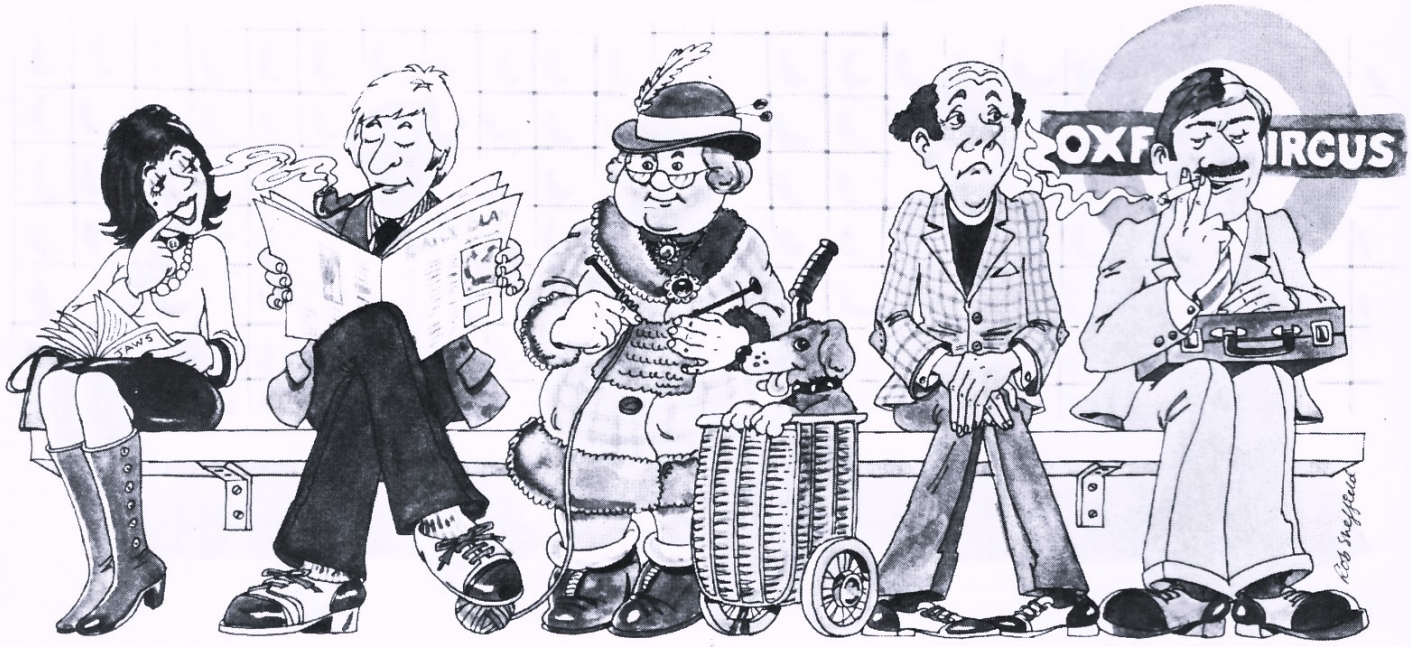

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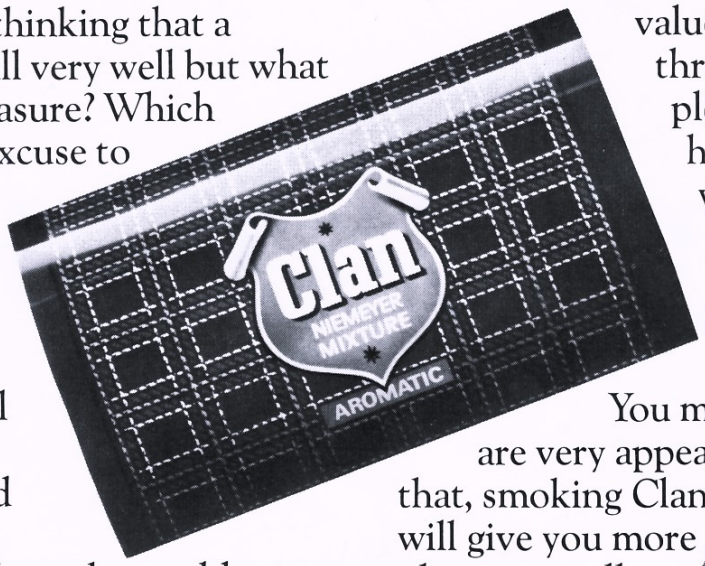

And if you want to know how much it's going to cost you, we've got more good news. At around 78½p, a pouch of Clan gives you very good value: two, possibly three days smoking pleasure. So you don't have to be a financial wizard to realize how favourably Clan compares with other forms of smoking.

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MEN ONLY, VOLUME 42, NUMBER 8
Publisher's Statement: world-wide sales exceed 2,000,000

It's one for the big boys this month. And you can meet the biggest boy of all in our very funny short story *The Eight Half-Crowner*. Some of you will remember that eight half-crowns used to make a pound – today they may well add up to a pound of flesh. Only the big boys can cope with the travelling hooker whose style and tastes leave the others far behind. Once more the delightful Rachel Cavendish explores an aspect of sex that really turns her on and this month opts for a sleeptalkin' guy.

Whether we like it or not, advertising is here to stay, dazzling us with images and slogans. Do we take it all at face value, or is Adam Martin right when he suggests that the mediamen manipulate our deepest desires with their beguiling lines? Big boys like big bikes, and *Blazing Saddles* reveals a collection of the biggest and the best for you to sling between your legs.

Then there's Fiona, of course, the straight-talk of *Sexualis*, our readers' frank and exciting letters and pages upon pages of those delightful *Men Only* girls you know how to expect. It'll make you feel quite grown up./*Roger Baker.*

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Published by Paul Raymond Publications Ltd, 2 Archer St, London W1V 7HE. Tel 01-734 9191 and Printed by Sun Printers Ltd, Watford and London. Fiction: all characters are fictitious and there is no intended reference to persons either living or dead. This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade, except at the full retail price of 60p and it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade or affixed to or as part of any publications or advertising literary or pictorial matter whatsoever or sold to anyone under the age of 18. All contributions, including colour transparencies and photographs, submitted to the magazine are sent at the owner's risk and while every care is taken, neither Paul Raymond Publications Ltd, nor its agents accept liability for loss or damage. Second Class Postage paid at New York Post Office, N.Y. Distributed by National Magazine Distributors Ltd, London. August, 1977. © Paul Raymond Publications Ltd. 1977

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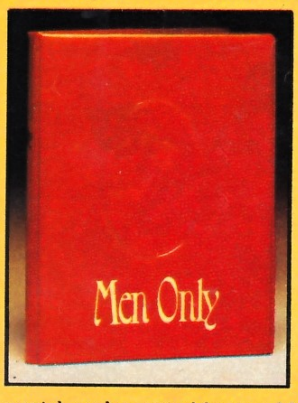

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THE Tiona FILE

MY *Limp Dick Award* this month is collected by two men: Mr. Russel Davies and Mr. Alan Brien – who the hell are they? You might well ask. They are two fellas trying hard to make a name for themselves by putting poisonous pen to paper. In their spare time they are the film critics for the *Observer* and *Sunday Times*, respectively. They've just let rip at my new film, *Hardcore*.

Mr. Davies, you describe me as 'lantern-jawed'. I have purchased a 19th century lantern and after vigorous studying of my face in the mirror – with the help of numerous friends – holding my new acquisition to my features, we have yet to detect any likeness. You say the film 'doesn't bear writing about' having devoted 130 words to it, words of self-indulgent quasi-intellectual arrogance. Well, Mr. Davies, there are other good uses your right hand can be put to, you know!! It might even make you smile!!

Now you, Mr. Brien. I can imagine you (thank God I and others aren't forced to look at you), prim, humourless, vitriol dripping from your pores, eagerly awaiting your weekly exercise in patronising verbosity.

If the charming Vera Lynn did not find the first part of your god-like judgment on the week's celluloid offerings too tedious (that is how you would write, Mr. Brien), and reached the third column without falling fast asleep, she might have been upset to be likened to the 'horsey, hockey-sticks' Richmond. In fact I've never straddled a horse (other things, but never a horse) or felt the urge to pick up a hockey stick, in case you're remotely interested.

Mr. Brien, 'There Will Always Be An England' (you also liken me to Vera Lynn about to embark on a performance of this) and there will always be sex, thank goodness. Sex is fun, Mr. Brien. Despite all your vicious little jabs – people are still flocking to see my film.

If you haven't a sense of humour, why not admit it. We know that if you were directing films, you wouldn't have made this one. But at least let's have some constructive criticism of the product at face value, not a self-indulgent predictable exercise in being perfectly rude. I said that Vera Lynn might be upset to be likened to me. But as you insist on mentioning her, I think she is a lovely lady who might, unlike you, actually have the humour to enjoy *Hardcore*, as hundreds of thousands have done already.

Put your left upper in; your right upper out; in out; in out; and shake them all about . . .

Leslie Conn has just had his head opened. Does he also need it examined? Mr. Conn, owner of the Bristol Suite, London's friendliest watering hole, decided to take his face in his hands. At 47, he suddenly looks 35. The old Leslie was like a friendly stewed prune. Now he's more of a fresh young plum waiting to be plucked.

Did his good fairy wave her magic wand? Has he taken up reading *Men Only*? No, none of these things contributed to his amazing good looks.

If you've got the guts and the cash you, too, can have an upper and lower temporal lift. Mind you, it will set you back 4,000 dollars or so. But if your face is taking a downhill dive, and your bags are becoming baggier by the bang, you may think it's worth it.

Plastic surgery! Two words that may make you squirm? Unnatural? Unwarranted interference with nature? Well, if that's what you think, you're wrong. Men in America take plastic surgery in their stride. In England we seem a little nervous, a little hesitant to take such steps to improve our looks.

It's not always a question of money, but frequently of morals. Is it right to spend large sums of money just to satisfy our own egos?

Leslie Conn has no doubts. I found him totally amazing. Not only does he have no qualms, he doesn't give a damn whether people know he has had a face job. Far from being camera shy, he's only too proud to bring out a 'before' picture. The difference is remarkable.

When Leslie's former girlfriend, Roz, said he was looking a bit old, that was the last straw. Goaded by that remark, Leslie decided to take the plunge.

The hero of the hour is Rudi Unterteiner, one-time ski-instructor, dishwasher, and now 'sculptor with a scalpel', who performed the operation in Palm Springs. Mr. Conn admires the Americans, no-fuss-straight-in-and-out attitude to plastic surgery. He was taking a dip in the pool 24 hours after the operation. Leslie is firmly convinced, with respect to our cosmetic sculptors, that American surgeons' methods are far more advanced.

At dinner, Leslie exposes glorious technicolour pictures taken during the operation. He recounts with pleasure and pride every gory detail.

A local anaesthetic meant he was conscious throughout. A brave act indeed. Imagine lying there and seeing someone approaching you wielding a scalpel. I'd freak out. Leslie claims the eye ops (uppers and lowers) performed at a week's interval, were painless. He felt the pencil line being drawn where the incision was to be made. Only a burning sensation as the needles (all eight of them) went in. The scars below on his eyelids are hardly visible – a testimony to the artistry of the surgeon's skill.

No prizes for guessing which are 'before' and 'after' pix.

The temple lift isn't my idea of fun. You don't even get a Kojak head-shave. Your hair is simply washed in a special shampoo. Two incisions are made from mid-temple to behind the top of the ear. The skin is yanked up, the surplus cut off, and you are put back together. Think of it – one yank too many, and your mouth could end up where your nose should be.

If he had a grudge against you, Mr. Unterteiner could give a new meaning to the phrase – 'cutting off your nose to spite your face', with nothing more than a 'Oh sorry, my scalpel slipped'.

Was it really worth it? Does he feel better inside as well as look better from the outside?

"I have absolutely no regrets. I feel more alive, and seem to be more popular with the birds." (Ah . . . at least he's honest!) As he lay helpless before the first incision, did he not have even the tiniest feeling of apprehension? "No, I trusted the surgeon implicitly."

Is it daft? Should we tamper with nature? I'm all for looking good as long as possible. But fellas, if you *have* got the guts, you'd better start saving now. MJ

MEMOIRS OF A TRAVELLING HOOKER

by Sharon Chadin *with illustration by Robert Pohl*

Most hookers we know like to keep their manor tight, to operate from home base. Gives a sense of security perhaps, but the gain in terms of ease must be matched by the loss in terms of excitement and variety. This fact was brought home to us when we stumbled across the following notes which had been left in an abandoned flight bag pushed under a park bench; proof, if ever it were needed, that travel broadens the mind and expands the consciousness.

Most big cities are lovely by night. Especially to those of us who are sex-hungry and moon-struck. I love cities, the night and the way I earn my living. Don't worry, nice guys, I won't be coy about it; I'm a whore with itchy feet. Just buy my ticket and I'll go anywhere. (I do a special line in conferences in out-of-the-way places, businessmen.)

It's cold tonight, mmmm . . . frosty air that fills your throat like frozen shimmer-silk. I have to meet a date in a luxury London hotel, so I walk towards it, leaving my Chevrolet a little crazily parked, pushing my hands deeper into the pockets of my champagne lynx. So you think I'm just keeping out the cold . . . but I slide one hand between my legs and gently nudge my clitoris. As I pass some man who stops to look at me,

I nudge a little harder and faster, meeting his gaze full-on with raised eyebrow as delicate as a butterfly's antenna; and that sharp, sweet, wet thrill as I sidestep him like a cat.

The glass doors of the hotel swing open like those of a dream palace; there's a rush of warm air and I decide to take the lift to the roof bar. Don't get me wrong, you tasters of the luscious apple; because I'm a whore I'm not a cold 'touch-me-there-and-it's-extra' sex-hater. Ah, no. I'm just a lovely, lascivious mademoiselle who laces her cornflakes' milk with drambuie and whose legs are too long for anything but silk.

The lift rises and when the doors open, it's suddenly three years ago in Bangkok as a lovely little Chinese girl walks in and I recognise her. It's Mai Dong, one-time bar girl queen, who used to crawl under the tables when a load of guys were having dinner, then she'd suck one off without the others knowing. The game was, if he let on by so much as a sound what was happening to him, he had to foot the bill. But we never got on; she played a few nasties on me to get me off her pitch. So when I saw her, gentlemen, my nipples hardened with anger. I wrinkle my nose.

"Cheap perfume, you Oriental cat-house reject," I observe pleasantly.

Anger flashes through her magnificent almond eyes. Then she slides right up to me, stroking my fur with murmurs of (I suspect) simulated pleasure. The lift stops, so I place my elegant finger right on the button and send the thing down again.

Sometimes I like to imagine I'm a big randy guy, so I grab her by her hair and kiss her on the mouth, cupping one hard little tit in my hand and hearing her moan as she starts to press against me. The lift stops again, and this time she sends it up, sliding a hand in, the fur falling apart over my thighs. Her quick little fingers easily find my sex, which opens out to her like a discerning rosebud.

I lean back against the wall, watching ourselves in the mirror, lifting her skirt above her cheeks and pulling them apart so that I can watch her fanny as she brings me off. She sticks two fingers up my hole and with exquisite thrusts she makes me come in a glorious agony of gasping wetness. I smile down at her and as the lift doors open on her floor I watch her leave through a mist of pleasure, her smiling like a Chinese milkmaid.

I push the button to ascend and absent-mindedly stroke my soft inner thigh, giving my pubic hairs a wistful tug. Then I realise. Never trust an Oriental. A slightly unpleasant sensation leads me to suspect what a brief exploration proves. The snide little slant-eyed bitch has only stuffed a wad of chewing gum up my sweet little rosy joy ride. But I leave the lift smiling. After all, revenge, when it happens, is almost as sweet as orgasm.

After a trip to the gents (I never use the ladies in case I miss out), I swank into the bar to find my client. That used to be like finding a french letter in a chocolate machine; so now, if I have to meet them somewhere public I insist that they wear a small white rose or carry a bunch of bananas. Most people prefer the rose, but the ones that wear the bananas turn out to be the most fun, if you know what I mean.

Then I see him, sitting alone at a table by the window. The white rose in his lapel glows like a small frozen star that flew in out of the cold and nestled up to him for warmth.

"Hello, Mr. Rose," I say as I sit next to him. He looks me up and down. He looked normal enough at first – tall, slim, greying hair, rather sad, thin face with nice green eyes – until you saw his hands. One was a vicious looking steel hook and the other was a mechanical device glistening with a complexity of nuts and bolts.

I shivered. And then he smiled. His teeth gleamed like a mechanical wolf's. They were made of stainless steel. I never fucked a robot before, even one with nice eyes.

Finally, after lifting the edge of my coat for a brief look at the goods, he says, in the heavy Russian accent I'd noticed over the phone, "You vill do. Ve haff two hours before the plane goes. You vish come?"

"I don't have a visa," I murmur, mystified.

He smiles. "It's all arranged. A party official is having a birthday party, you are to be part of the celebrations." He raises his glass of Vodka. "Nastrovia."

"Okay," I say. "Cheers."

Some rush. I just had time to get back to the flat, pick up a sexy chamois number, my passport and dash off.

So here I am, on a plane to Moscow. There appears to be nobody on it except my host, Ivan Arkednevitch, and a silent steward. The lights of London disintegrate below in a milky explosion, leaving blackness and a sense of galactic infinity. Thinking poetically comes from thinking about sex most of the time.

I look at the silvered edge of my host's profile and then at the shining bits of metal relaxing in his lap, posing as hands. He looks attractive in a tortured, Gulag Archipelago way. Then he turns and smiles at me. His eyes are glinting like splinters and I find myself rubbing against the edge of my seat as my nipples stiffen like guardsmen on parade.

I gently try nudging his leg with my foot. He stares at me curiously. So I lick the tip of my index finger and run it down the side of his face. He gasps. Then very gently he places the metal hook behind my head and draws it towards his. Our lips touch like feathers, and I can feel the delicious scrape of metal as his hand travels down my flesh towards my breasts. With incredible precision he nips my nipple just hard enough to create a delicious twinge between my legs.

Slowly the hook is bringing my head down. I take a gulp of champagne, swirling some round in my mouth before taking his prick between my lips, stroking it with my tongue, the fizzy liquid trickling down. He starts to thrust in the seat, faster until he fills my mouth with babycham, never my favourite beverage.

I sink back into my seat and start to hum *Moscow nights*. My host kindly massages my clitoris until I come. Amazing hands.

We don't land at the main Moscow airport, but at a smaller one nearby, apparently reserved for VIPs. Silently we are hustled through officials and into a waiting limousine. I am tired, so feel pleased when we arrive at the hotel. Ivan leaves me with a message that a car will come to fetch me that evening. I sleep all day, waking up just in time to bath and dress in the chamois trousers and fringed shirt.

There's a knock at the door. Two morbid looking guys inform me that my car is waiting. So down we go. I try to make conversation in the back of the car; "Wasn't Peter the Great a wild cat?" and "Have you ever seen a nude portrait of Lenin?" But they never so much as glance at me. So, to lighten the somewhat gloomy atmosphere, I start stroking the knee of one of them. He glares at me furiously, saying something rather confusing. "Off Western homosexual."

I gasp. It's only when we drive up outside an awesome, grey building which turns out to be a political prison and I get slung into a cell of dissidents that I realise they're

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IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE

NO BARS FOR THOSE WOMEN BEHIND THEM
– exclusive colour spreads of the amazing show that has wowed New York and is now packing them in over here. Fiona Richmond, who stars in this campy, outrageous frolic, talks to her co-star – the amazing, massive, exuberant and altogether too much Divine.

GOOD ENOUGH TO EAT
– ever said that to a girl? Rod Carroll has – frequently. And with his unique witty way with words pins down the culinary quality of some of the ladies he has met around the world.

WHICH WAY TO THE AZORES?
– when a group of completely unskilled layabouts get a job taking a boat half-way round the world anything can happen. Clifford Irving reports on a trip that will keep you laughing – and breathless.

PLUS
A boggling experience – how to put a car through hell; a great new science fiction story; more intimate details of how sexual therapy really works and the most spectacular collection yet of simply glorious girls.

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Name.....
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(BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE).....*MO*

mistaking me for Jonnie, a transvestite member of the National Front Youth Wing. So here I sit in a small grey room with a bench around the walls. On it sit 10 sad-faced dissidents. They obviously think I'm a guy dressed up as a woman, too, as the only looks I get are disdainful. They must regard a transvestite dissident as a bit of an insult.

I really feel like a fuck by now. So I get up, stretch and slip out of my chamois jacket. By a swift glance at the trousers in the room I can tell I make an impact. So I sit on the first available knee and nuzzle his face with my breasts. I undo his trousers, caress his prick and then, pulling my trousers down over my bottom, ram myself right down on it.

Well, after he came, any lingering thoughts of Jonnie, a transvestite member of the National Front Youth Wing, went right out of the window and they all wanted a turn. So as I suck off one, whose tool resembles a sweet tuber potato mangled by a garlic crusher (the modes of torture here seem none too nice), another is screwing me like he hasn't had it for a while and judging by the look on his face someone is making use of his exposed hole.

The door bursts open and a skinny apparition in a silver lame dress is flung through the gap. It lands in a crumpled heap on the floor. The door bangs behind it. The action has stopped for a second, and the creature blinks tearfully at us through heavily mascarared lashes.

"Jonnie, a transvestite member of the National Front Youth Wing," mutters the guy behind me, grabbing my cheeks and forcing his tool back into my hole. The arrival of Jonnie eases my mind and I determine to bring these guys off in a climax of lust that will provide the KGB with further proof of the advanced state of western technology.

Jonnie wastes no time and is soon engulfed in the manifold limbs of half-naked dissidents. His yelps relax into groans of pleasure as I sense the urgent anticipation all around me.

Having ignited the fuse I await the explosion and soon the cell reverberates with cries of pleasure and the sweet stench of multiple orgasm, as the luscious slime oozes down thighs and dribbles from lips.

The door opens and thank heavens it's good old iron teeth, Ivan, my host.

"There's been a dreadful mistake," he says, looking at the floor.

Much later, everything has been sorted out. I'm waiting at the party (for which I was hired, remember?) for the guests to arrive. I am standing beside a long dinner table clad in nothing but molten chocolate which has set hard and shiny—I'm the dessert, dig? Ivan wishes me goodbye as the officials are about to arrive.

"I defect now to the West," he says.

"Not with that accent, chum," I say, "nor those teeth, either."

"I go to Hawaii."

"You know anybody there?" I ask.

"No," he shrugs. He looks different, sort of open and sexy. "It's something to do with the rest of the night." With that he saunters out.

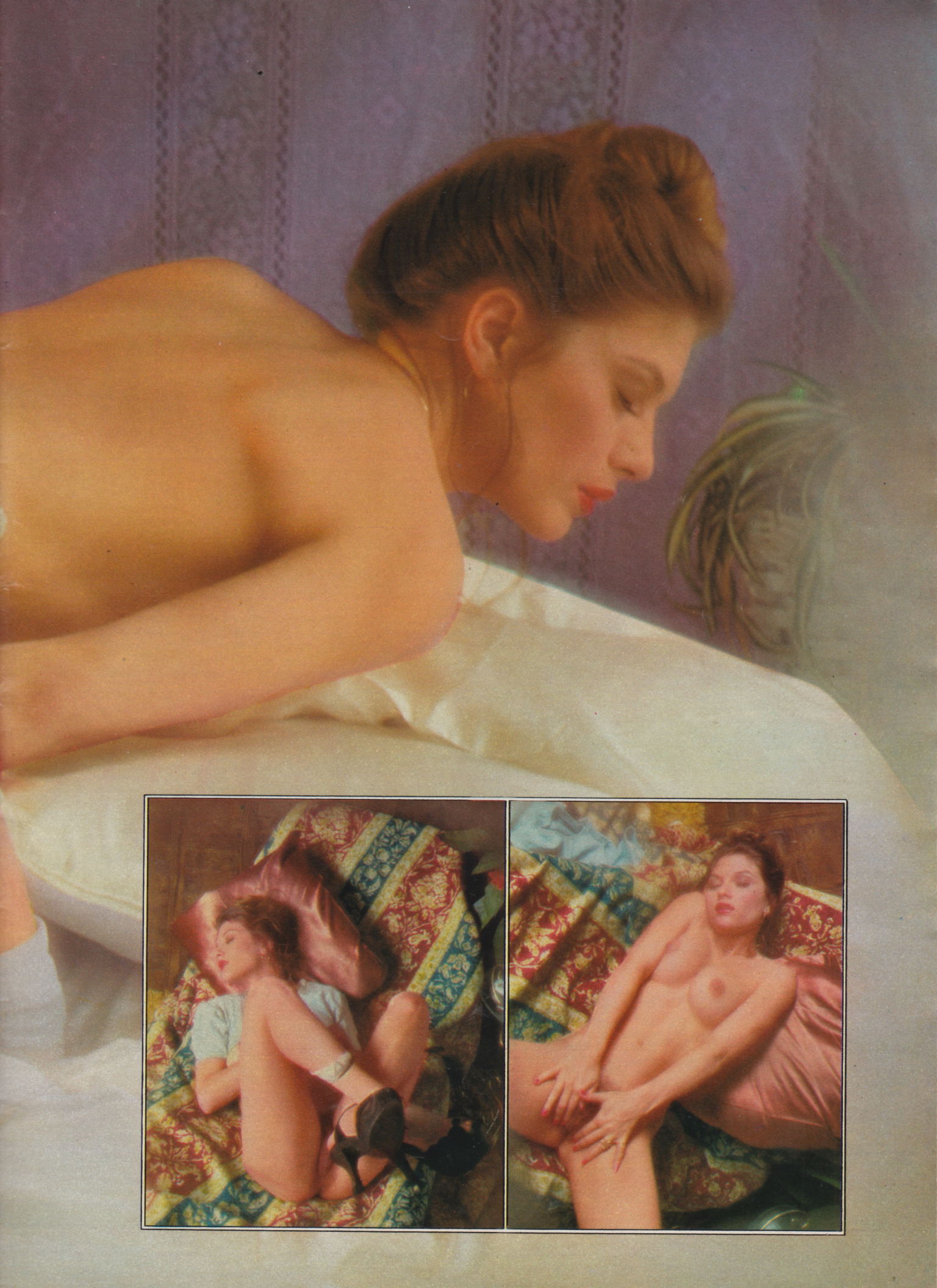
"Ciaou, baby," I whisper and smile. Mmmmmmmm . . . I can almost feel the rasp of hungry Russian tongues . . . they'll probably want their dessert first! MO

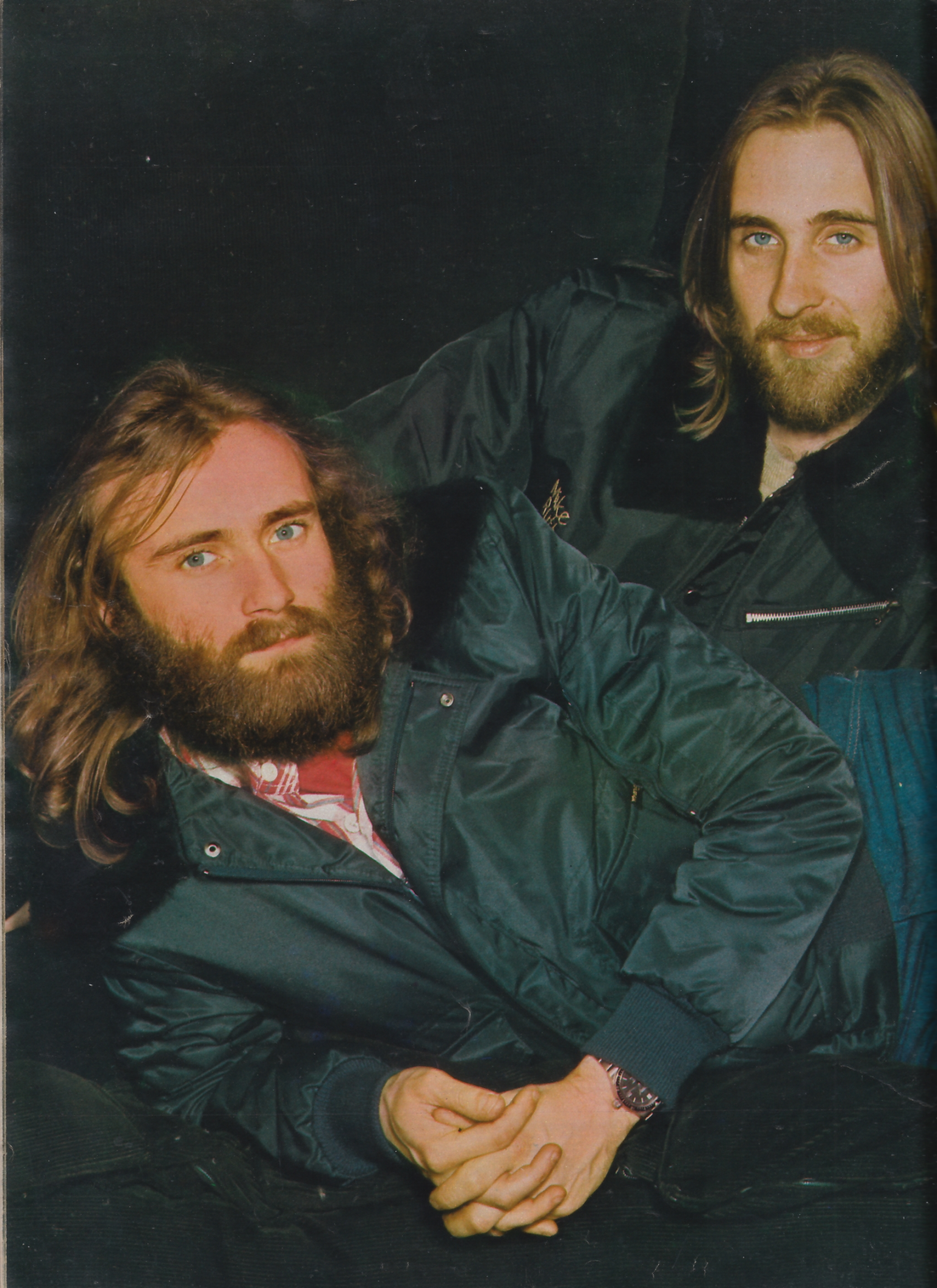
"In my quest to find the real meaning of our existential traumas, yeh man, I write songs about the insensitivity and inhumanity of man to fellow man. I also write songs about fuckin'."

Barbara
Photographs by Imex

Barbara informs us that she's a firm believer in everyone doing their own thing. She says there are too many rules and not enough freedom and men and women all walk around like robots and share the same problems; financial stress, emotional

stress and physical stress. If Babs had her way people would have healthy minds and bodies and be totally carefree and fun-loving.
Barbara, 21 years old, highly intelligent and extremely beautiful, wanted to be given a chance to air her views as well as her body. However, in the men's market, actions speak far louder than words. So naturally, when we told Babs to get 'em off, she did, and these delicious pictures are the results of her actions. MM





GENESIS

interviewed by Joan Goodman *with photographs by Kim Sayer*

Right now the group's on top, touring the world. But during the last five years it has suffered critics and basked in praise. Phil Collins and Mike Rutherford have seen it all – rock business, show business, seedy business – and lived to relax, reminisce and remind us that the only important business is just music.

Five years ago *Melody Maker* said a Genesis concert was pure magic. Since that time, they've undergone several transformations; most notably when lead singer, Peter Gabriel, left last year. No-one expected them to bounce back, least of all the music press, which proclaimed: 'Peter Gabriel was Genesis.' Well, wrong again!

Re-opening London's famed Rainbow Theatre for the start of their world tour, Genesis came on like gang-busters and proved, again, that the whole may indeed be greater than the sum of its parts.

Added to the four regulars: Tony Banks, Steve Hackett, Mike Rutherford and Phil Collins – is ex-Zappa drummer, Chester Thompson. We caught up with Phil Collins, 25, ace drummer and lead singer – a small, larky man – and bass guitarist, Mike Rutherford, 26, lean, lank and subtle, a few days before they left on the North American segment of the tour.

Off-stage as well as on they work well together – one often finishing a thought for the other and both mugging outrageously for the camera. Odd this, given their very different personas.

Phil Collins, former child actor (his mother runs a theatrical agency for children), is all drummer despite his lead singer status. He enjoys nothing better than racing back to his drums and playing a set off Thompson between vocals.

Besides Genesis, he has organised Brand X, a group which operates when Genesis isn't touring. The fact is, Collins looks for any excuse to hit the skins. He played all night when a friend opened a pub in Islington and he once played anonymously with George Harrison at Abbey Road. Just to make the point, Collins has been called 'the most anonymous superstar in Britain'. That may be, but chances are not for long. The film, *Genesis*, of a live concert ought to take care of that. He's also married with two children.

Mike Rutherford, ex-Charterhouse, is one of the founder members of the group and thinks he might like to take some time off to write. He means books. He does a lot of reading – "everything from fantasy and science fiction to the classics. Poetry, too, especially obscure people." Rutherford still thinks there is a place for visual interpretation in their concerts and is trying to work out something that will be less costly and not the same as what they've done before.

Special effects were responsible for a large part of their touring expenses. "There were times when we would finish a tour having made £168,000 and find we had spent £162,000 getting it right." He recently married model Angela Downing and, understandably, likes taking her on the road with him.

Men Only: You're about to start a big American tour. What worries you most?

Phil Collins: Getting a ticket.

Mike Rutherford: Nothing. I have my ticket.

Phil Collins: I don't know. I'm very confident actually. Last time we went we were like a brand new group – what with me singing and Bill Bruford playing, it was more of a risk. This time we've already played the set in because we've been doing a tour of England.

Men Only: What do you do before a concert to get yourself up to a high? Do you smoke a joint or drink?

Mike Rutherford: That's not vital to it being a good gig. I think the audience affects us.

Men Only: But don't you have to psych yourself up before going on?

Phil Collins: If you saw us before a gig, sometimes we all look half asleep.

Men Only: Then how do you get up for it?

Phil Collins: It depends. Now, Chester's into meditation and meditates before a concert sometimes. Tony and Steve don't smoke; they just drink, and if there's a good vibe, there's a good vibe. When I was just drumming I used to smoke an awful lot before a concert. Of course, as soon as I had to sing and talk and remember words, it was like 'straighten up', so it's not quite as bad as that now. But the audience is the main thing.

Mike Rutherford: The houselights go off and you go on stage and there's this huge roar and there's such energy

there sometimes that even if you're feeling a bit sluggish it really lifts you.

Men Only: Do you have groupies following you around on tour?

Phil Collins: Males mostly.

Mike Rutherford: Some. We're not the kind of band that brings them all running.

Men Only: Bill Wyman says once you've done all that it becomes rather boring. Have you done it yet?

Mike Rutherford: Oh, we've done our share.

Phil Collins: Speak for yourself, my wife might read this. It happens, but most bands are more extrovert off stage than we are. This may sound boring, but after a gig we tend to go back to the hotel.

Mike Rutherford: I think a lot of groups really encourage a bad image. To them it's half of what they're doing.

Phil Collins: I saw an amazing thing once at a Bad Company concert. After they'd come off, the drummer – on the way out – was spitting on this girl. It was incredible actually seeing this kind of high-powered stuff. Strange scene.

A lot of groups we meet are quite normal people just like us. There's an element, of course. I remember the Mersey Beats used to have orgies according to the *News of the World*. But normally we travel with wives, dogs, kids.

Mike Rutherford: Okay, I'll tell you the truth. I've done it!

Phil Collins: He's done it for me. It's not as good as playing on drums.

Mike Rutherford: You should be interviewing our roadies.

Men Only: Do they organise the birds?

Mike Rutherford: There's not much organisation needed. In America they bang on your door at three in the morning.

Men Only: What do they say?

Mike Rutherford: They don't actually say why don't we fuck . . .

Phil Collins: It's so impersonal. It's quite strange. I remember in Toronto there were three girls . . . no, that's kinky. I met a girl in Germany once and we went out for quite a while before it started to fizzle out. The next time we played in Germany she came to the gig and asked if we still had a relationship or not. I was just about to get married so I said no. She said, "Okay, I'll go with this other guy then." It's that impersonal. They're there when you check into the hotel and it's like a roll call.

Men Only: In America they follow the ball clubs, too.

Phil Collins: When we pulled out of the hotel in San Francisco, the Harlem Globetrotters were just getting in and there were a lot of chicks with them as well. Puts a bit of colour in their grey lives. They do their thing, I do mine. I get off on the drums and they fuck.

Men Only: I've heard musicians lead double lives – the life they lead on the road and the one at home. Do you?

Mike Rutherford: A bit, because the road is a very unreal situation. Basically, we all act like spoilt schoolkids. There are people to look after your every whim. If you're late they wake you up, they take you to the airport. You're their responsibility.

Men Only: Do you enjoy male camaraderie on the road?

Phil Collins: I do. There are different attitudes within the group though. To me, the whole day kind of leads up to the concert. I'm quite happy to sit down in a hotel room with a joint and listen to last night's concert. When my wife and kids are on the road, I can't do that.

Men Only: What groups do you like?

Phil Collins: I'm a big fan of Weather Report and Zappa. I don't like groups that are like us. I veer towards jazz. I'd love to play with Miles Davis.

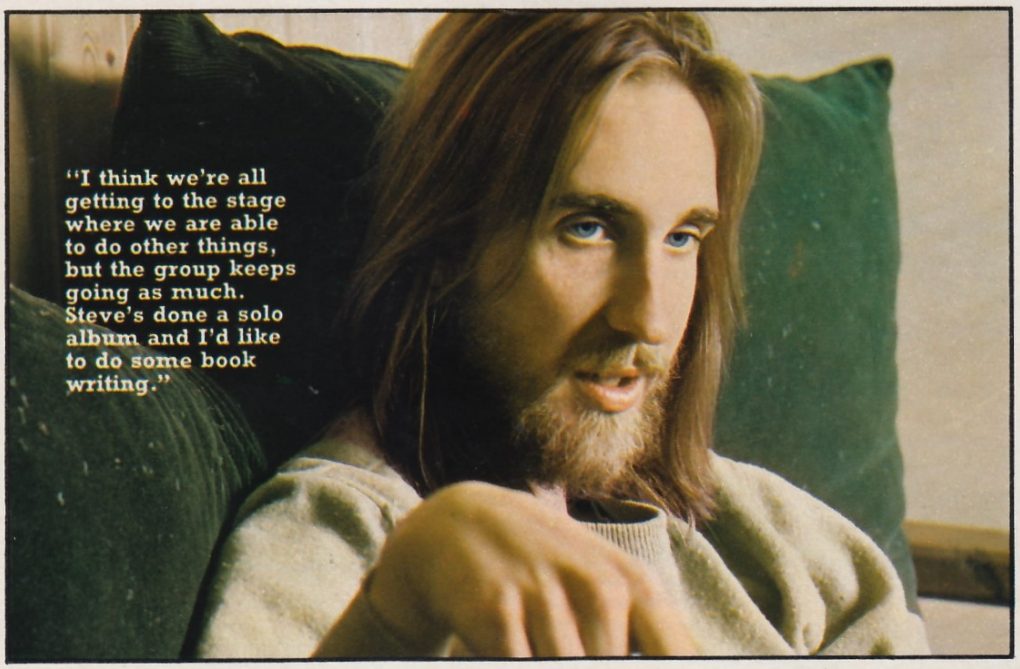
Mike Rutherford: I like some very heavy stuff but I like soft stuff as well. There's a Love album I think is incredible, early Crosby, Stills and Nash, Judy Collins . . .

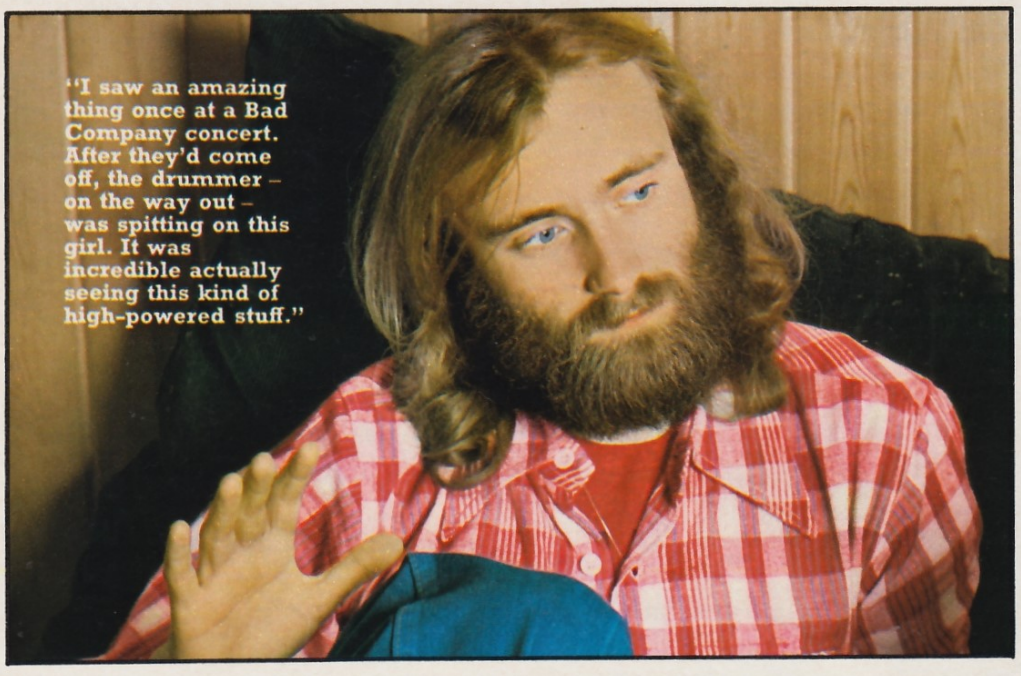
Men Only: There's a jazz underlay to some of what you do.

Phil Collins: We each write what we like, so the jazz things come from me mainly. Some of the classical chordal pieces might come from Tony and the simpler, more folky acoustic vein, from Mike. You can't really define it that clearly but you can get from chord A to chord B via five or six different routes.

Mike Rutherford: I think that's what it's all about. There are these four different influences. Everyone sort of brings in his own personal style and there's an area that we meet on and it makes up this thing called Genesis. It is never one person: it is a combination.

Men Only: You once said you quarrelled a lot. Do you?





Mike Rutherford: We used to. Since Pete left, we've had a change. Not because he left but because of the change. We really had to pull together. We kicked in another gear then. There was a changing of roles at that point and the whole thing was new and fresh and ever since there's been much less friction.

Phil Collins: In the past, when we disagreed there used to be a walk out. Down tools and that would be it.

Men Only: Did you try to talk Peter Gabriel out of leaving?

Mike Rutherford: Of course.

Phil Collins: We were all doing something else. I was doing Brand X so there was the feeling, hang on, there can't be anything we can't work out. Nothing is really worth the group splitting up. But once Pete was adamant it was a fact of life, so we went with it.

Men Only: Was there any animosity between you?

Mike Rutherford: I think there was none at all. Personally, I hated the thought that there was someone in the group who didn't want to be there, didn't have the same energy as me. That upset me. I wish him all the best.

Phil Collins: I've gotta say I can't get excited about him doing well. It's a rotten thing to say and I wish him the best of luck but at the same time I feel very removed from what he is doing. His new album is different. It's very good, too.

Men Only: Now that you've proved yourself without him, don't you think Pete must have a great deal of pressure on him?

Phil Collins: He said this to us. The fact that we're a success has made his job a little bit harder. Also, without giving his game away, people will expect him to do something that he won't actually do. They've always looked on him as a mysterious traveller from another planet. He's not really like that, he just has some strange ideas.

Mike Rutherford: He's chosen a hard path. He's moving away from us musically, in a direction that few people expect. It takes guts.

Men Only: What about dope? Are any of you heavily into drugs?

Mike Rutherford: A lot of people think we're very spaced out, that we're on it all the time.

Phil Collins: We played Oxford University once and a guy came up afterwards and said, "It's evident from your records that between *Trespass* and *Nursery Cryme* you all took acid." You know, I still haven't taken acid – I

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shouldn't have said that!

Men Only: Are you stopped and searched when you're travelling?

Phil Collins: There's a border between Buffalo and Toronto where we had a very heavy scene. They stripped the car, stripped us, found a little roach in my wallet and I thought that was it, I'm going to be in jail for Christmas. Then the heavy brushed it off the table as if to say if that was all they could find they weren't going to do anything about it.

Obviously, when you go over a border you clean everything and make sure you don't have anything on you, but when it gets to that, you're never quite sure you've cleaned everything.

Poor old Keith Richard. He must have that all the time. He must be immune to it by now. That's the main thing about him, the fact that he never sleeps – Death on Wheels. I have a great respect for Keith Richard.

Men Only: What about the punk rock people, do you like them, too?

Phil Collins: They're an insult to the senses. I saw them once on television and I enjoyed it because they were so bad. It's like watching a really bad movie. But if you don't like someone being sick over you, don't see the Sex Pistols. There was a thing where they used to beat one of the audience up as a climax of their gig. I can't believe it actually happens. It probably happened once and people assume it's a normal thing.

Men Only: Some people say that sort of thing appeals to the public school crowd. Mike, you went to Charterhouse, do you agree?

Mike Rutherford: I think public school people are probably too polite to say fuck off. I find the punk thing incredibly humorous but it's not a musical force. It caused a bit of a stir and it seems to have died down. Remember Brian Jones in a Nazi uniform standing on top of a naked lady? That was a week's worth of action. Those were the days when the Stones were really notorious.

Men Only: Do you ever say, let's make headlines, let's do something outrageous?

Mike Rutherford: We thought about one of us dying. We nominated Steve actually.

Phil Collins: He didn't know this. The first time we played the Rainbow Theatre was the first time Peter Gabriel used costumes. When he put that flower mask on, he made the front page of *Melody Maker* and the next week our earnings as a group shot up from £250 or £300 a night to £650 or £700. That was the closest thing to a publicity stunt, but it wasn't done for that reason.

Mike Rutherford: We think we have a responsibility to the people who like us. It's a trust thing. We're very careful about what we do.

Men Only: Talking about money – there's a seedy side to the music business. Have you ever been done out of money?

Mike Rutherford: We were. Since Tony Smith became our manager, though, things have definitely changed.

Phil Collins: In the polls, we're up there with the Who and Pink Floyd and they all have incredible amounts of money and we haven't. Up until a year and a half ago, we had an enormous debt. We're just starting to make a little money now.

Men Only: Do you see yourselves beginning to do other things as well?

Mike Rutherford: I think we're all getting to the stage where we are able to do other things, but the group keeps going as much. Steve's done a solo album and I'd like to do some book writing.

Men Only: Phil, you do Brand X . . .

Phil Collins: That's a group that exists when Genesis is not on the road. I enjoy playing with other people. I'd also like to do some acting—I was a child actor—but I see myself as a musician really and Genesis is my primary interest. Things have changed a lot recently. In the old days, if you joined a group, it was like getting married. If you wanted to leave the group, it was like getting a divorce. Since the early 70s, attitudes have changed, people are more flexible. Genesis can exist *ad infinitum* so long as the attitudes within the group are like this. As far as I'm concerned, we could all not see each other for six months and I'd still be just as into doing Genesis as if I'd never done anything else. I've got a lot of other interests, but obviously Genesis takes precedence.

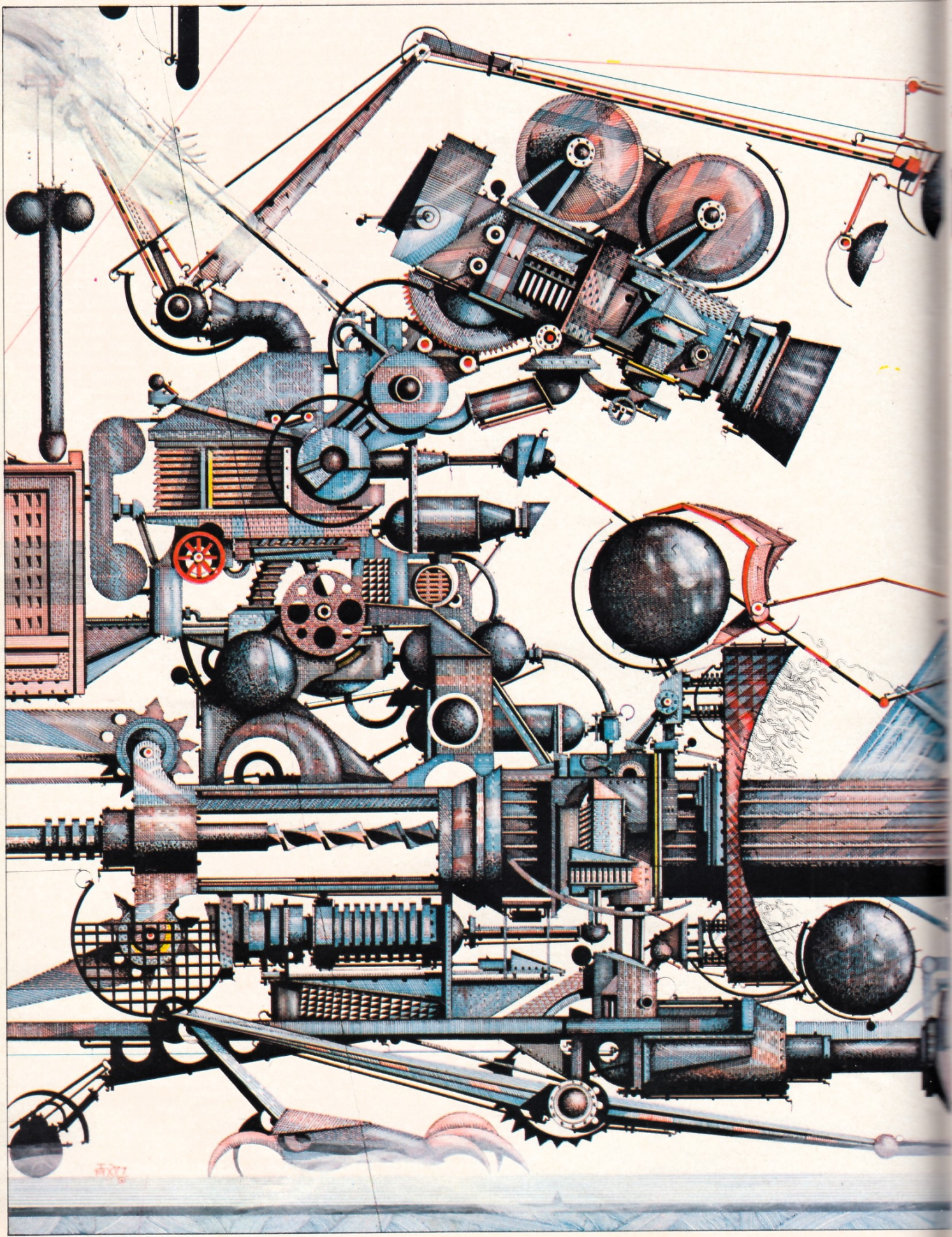
Mike Rutherford: There's a thin balance. There's got to be a certain amount of communal energy, otherwise it will never keep going. In the early days there was only Genesis, nothing else came into it, but you can't keep that up.

Men Only: Someone said you made Pink Floyd and Yes redundant. How do you feel about that?

Mike Rutherford: Embarrassed. They make good music.

Men Only: Thank you, Mike and Phil. MO

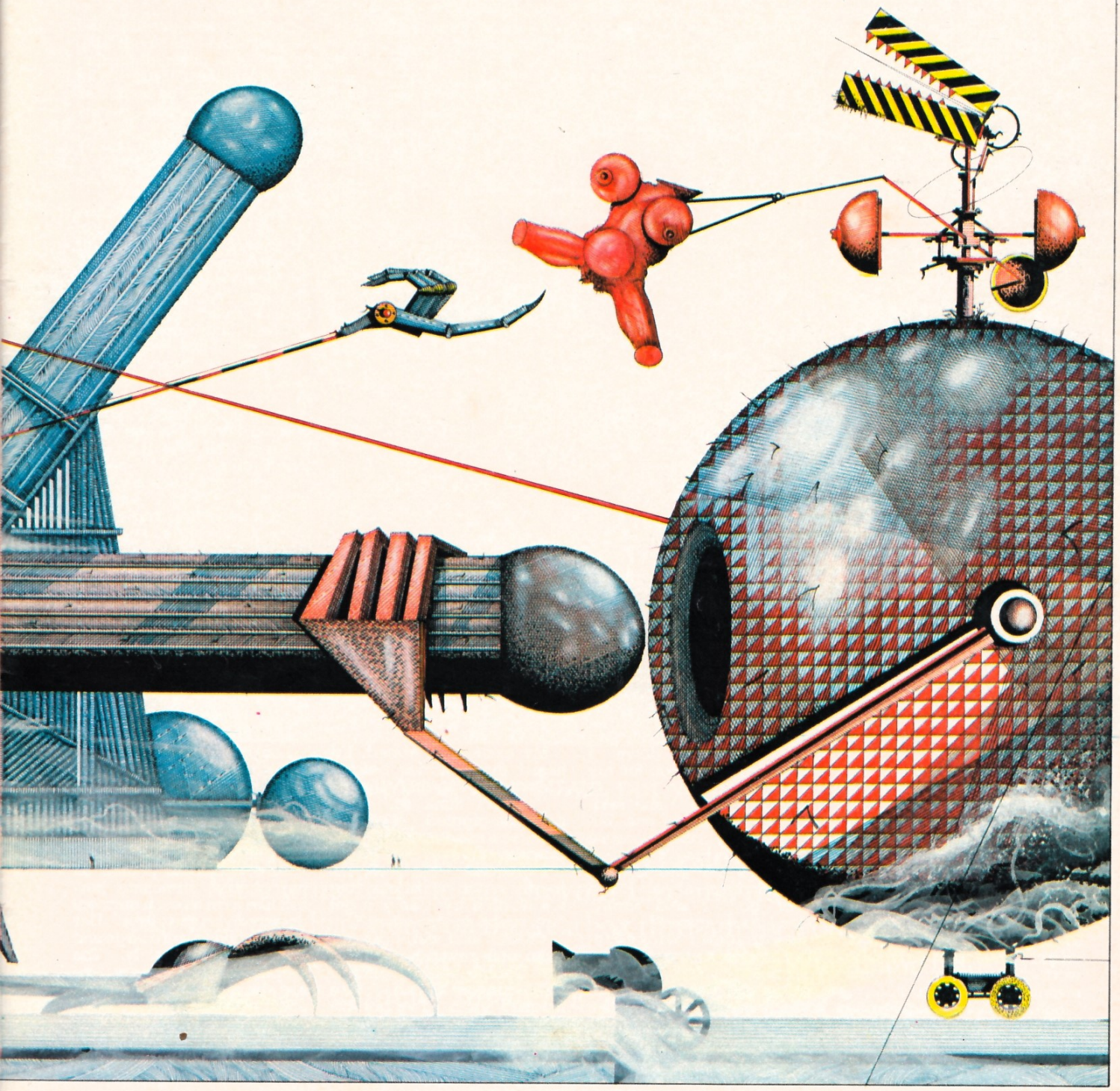
GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING



THE EIGHT HALF-CROWNER

by Robert O'Brian *with illustration by Ian Miller*

Decimalisation has not entirely eradicated the folk memory of certain impressive dimensions. So when the request arrived, couched in dated terms, nobody was puzzled . . . just excited and very, very worried.



There I was, my nose deep into my third whisky and my aching feet on the desk when Charlie Parker walked in and slumped into the chair opposite.

"No luck?" I asked, pushing the bottle towards him. He poured a generous measure and shook his head in disgust. "Not a sausage. If there's a bloke in this city with anything approaching a 12-inch pronger, he's either very bashful or keeping it strapped to his leg. You?"

"Nothing. Nought. Zero," I said. "Even the toms haven't seen one. Well, tell a lie, old Mildred says she knew a bloke with an eight half-crowner once, but that must have been 20 years ago."

"Eight half-crowns?" Charlie whistled silently "What's a half-crown measure—inch and a quarter? Jeez, that's about a foot, isn't it?"

"In the days before decimal currency, yeah. Probably stirs his tea with it now."

We sat and stared into our glasses, the weight of the world on our shoulders. Our problem was, to say the least, unusual. Charlie and I—I'm Vince by the way—run a small film studio. Well, it's normally a photographic studio, but what with the tax-man and the cost of living and what have you, we'd recently been forced to abandon our pride and submit to producing photos of a slightly more dodgy nature than you'd find on our sample board in the street window. Well, from there movies was a natural step, and we were soon a roaring success.

Anyway, one day Wally Noakes, our agent, had received a call from a syndicate in Copenhagen, to the effect that they wanted a first-class film with a special gimmick. The gimmick turned out to be a stud with a 12-inch meat-hook—and no trick photography or false dicks.

At first Charlie and I had laughed in his face. After all, outside of a donkey farm, the only 12-inch prick I knew of was an old WW2 bayonet left to me by my father. Then he told us the fee involved.

We started by ringing all the agencies we had dealt with. That lot turned up nothing but a 50-year-old with an eight-incher, but as he hadn't had it up in the air or anywhere else for 10 years I told them to forget it. The next line of enquiry was the girls who worked the beat. And that meant a lot of footwork.

Still, at least there was one girl I knew who owed me a favour, so I figured I'd collect while I was about it. When I rolled up at Lola's flat, she took one look and smiled like a hungry cat.

She was wearing a thin, cotton kaftan which buttoned high at the neck and swept straight down to the floor. Even before we touched lips I could see her nipples growing hard through the thin cloth, showing she was naked underneath.

I cupped her buttocks in both hands and gently, but firmly, lifted her off the floor and pressed her against my now obvious erection.

She pushed away, her eyes all glassy. "No, let me." Then she slid down to her knees and slowly undid my belt. As soon as my trousers fell open she made a small whimper and peeled back my minute briefs, revealing the swollen focal point of her attentions.

"Beautiful," she whispered, and gently teasing, ran her tongue full length, sending small shock-waves through my body. Then she moved slightly and my entire nervous system did a somersault as her warm and silky wetness enveloped me and brought me rushing to an explosion over which I had no control whatsoever.

A bit later, my ego up and my ardour down, I explained the reason for my visit.

"Sorry, Vince," she said. "I haven't heard of one. But I'll keep my tape measure handy, just in case."

I kissed her and felt the first stirrings afresh. "I'd better go," I said firmly. "Can I come again?"

She grinned wickedly. "Try stopping yourself, once I get hold of you!"

After that the day was an anti-climax in more ways than one, so I headed back to the office to wait for Charlie.

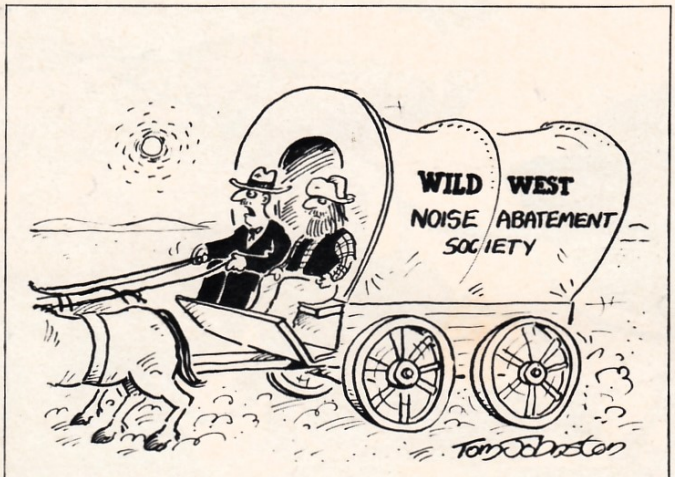
"Perhaps we should try Brixton," I ventured. "You know what they say . . ."

Charlie shook his head. "Load of rubbish, mate. There was one at Rolly's place the other day. Big, black and beautiful—well, that's what Rolly thought, anyway. Off came the pants, in walks the girl and zowee—nothing! Six inches at most."

I sighed, despondent. "So where now? Christ, I hate to lose all that money the Danes are offering, but I can't honestly see what we're going to do. Trick-shots are out—so is a mock-up."

Charlie pulled a face. Like me, he needed the money. I pulled myself upright and made for the door. "There's nothing more we can do tonight. Perhaps the phone will ring tomorrow."

The phone did ring, but at four in the morning. It was Lola. "Vince. It's Lola. You said at least a 12-incher, didn't you?"



"Things are quiet . . . too quiet!"

I sat up and shook myself awake. "Yes, I did. Why, have you got one there?"

"Whoa," she laughed. "Down, boy. No, he's not here, but I've just spoken to a friend of mine who knows a feller with this enormously long lollipop."

My excitement ebbed. I'd heard those stories before. "Maybe she's having you on."

"I don't think so," Lola said. She giggled. "If it's any help, she used to work for a quantity surveyor."

I groaned. "Oh, well, it's hardly a ton of bricks, but it's worth a try. Can you get him round to the office?"

"Better than that, I can get them both round here to my flat. Debbie will be glad to help him audition." She laughed again. "I've got this super two-way mirror I forgot to tell you about."

I grinned. "Sounds great. Thanks, Lola. I'll see you tomorrow—about three?"

"Come earlier," she purred ambiguously. "Alone."

Sharp on one o'clock the following afternoon, I arrived at Lola's, tape measure in hand and fingers crossed. She folded against me as soon as I was inside, then pulled away and did a twirl to show off the new pyjamas she was wearing.

I reached out and opened the top two buttons of the jacket, revealing the delicious swell of her breasts. Then I dropped my hands and gently pulled at the sash that held the trousers up. In a whisper of sound they fell to the floor.

Smiling, she turned and walked into the bedroom. Before she finished turning back the sheets I was out of my clothes and beneath her jacket. She gasped as my rearing staff slipped up behind her and nestled snugly in the cleft of her buttocks.

"Oh, Vince," she whispered. "That's lovely."

Slowly, she leaned forward and spread her legs in the time-honoured movement of submission, her breasts becoming heavy in my palms. Kneeling on the edge of the bed, I eased forward and upward and entered the warm, moist tunnel of love.

By the time Charlie arrived with his gear we were back in the living-room. Lola showed us the mirror, which was situated on the wall between the bedroom and living-room.

"Does this bloke know what he's here for?" I asked.

"Not yet," Lola replied. "I thought you might like to see him in action first. We can hide in the kitchen until Debbie takes him into the bedroom."

Suddenly, there was a ring at the door. We all skated into the kitchen and waited while Debbie and the stud entered and got comfortable. After a while we heard their voices fade as they left the room.

Looking through the mirror was a bit like watching television, and I couldn't shake off the desire to duck whenever Debbie or the stud looked towards the apparently normal mirror.

Slowly, Debbie peeled off her clothes, stretching herself like a cat as each garment dropped to the floor. Her breasts, which were large and full, swayed slightly. The nipples were also large, and she ran a finger across them and watched them grow, glancing at the stud who was standing still dressed, mesmerised. Evidently the performance was having a

Someday you'll settle down with a nice, sensible girl, a nice, sensible house and a nice, sensible family saloon. Some day.

Meantime, let your hair down, put your hood down and push your foot down.

After all, you've no commitments to slow you up.

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*Source: Autocar.

considerable effect on him, too, as the front of his trousers was beginning to show a most promising bulge.

Debbie walked over to the stud and whispered in his ear. He grinned and they both faced the mirror, Debbie standing behind him with her hands working at the buttons of his shirt, then his pants. When she dropped his trousers and whipped his briefs down, even I wasn't prepared for the sight that was revealed; it rose from a thick patch of dark hair, red and stiff and straight as a flagpole, and damned near as long.

"Shit and corruption!" breathed Charlie.

"Oh, my God!" whispered Lola, sounding shocked.

I was unable to believe my eyes. It was enormous. Breath-taking. Two inches thick at least, it stood out before him in arrogant splendour.

As Charlie worked feverishly with his camera, Debbie moved round to the stud's front and knelt before his giant tool like a slave before her master. Lovingly, she took the throbbing flesh in her hands and eased the outer skin up and down in that most basic caress. She leaned forward and gently reached out her tongue, touching the red tip of the penis, then moved the full length of it until she was kissing and nibbling in a frenzy of passion. Suddenly, she moved higher and the first few inches of that hard flesh disappeared into her hungry mouth.

By now the stud was showing signs of the strain. He reached down and pulled her upright, leading her over to the bed. Debbie lay back and raised her legs, waiting as he positioned himself above her. Then, like an Apollo docking, he moved forward and sank his weapon into the tuft of fair pubic hair and started jerking back and forth, the torturer punishing his victim.

I flicked the switch. "Come on," I whispered. "Let's give them some privacy."

Debbie and the stud were sitting on the sofa when we got back, and I took a deep breath and launched into my spiel. He took it without a flicker. "How much?"

"It's 200," I replied.

He smiled knowingly. "Make it three and I'll do it."

Feeling dazed I shook hands and paid him 50 in advance. He stashed it in his pocket and stood up.

"I've been wondering how to get into this business," he said. "I even advertised once, but I don't think anyone believed me. See you tomorrow."

The following day we started filming. The stud – who asked us just to call him Henry – turned up on time and raring to go. Debbie offered her services, which got Charlie going, as he was able to take her into the back room to demonstrate the technique he wanted. There were three other girls involved in the story – which was about the French Revolution – and they couldn't stop staring at Henry for the first half-hour. None of them seemed willing to be the first one to be guillotined by his enormous chopper until Debbie jumped into his arms and lowered herself on to his pikestaff. After that there was no stopping them.

Even Wally Noakes was lost for words when he saw the first rushes, which is highly unusual for Wally. It was about two weeks after the completed film was delivered to Wally that we received the money from the Danes. The amount was staggering, and in the letter attached was a list of details for six more films featuring our super-hung stud. After a celebration drink Charlie and I divided up the money – with splits for Lola and Debbie – and went our separate ways.

Since I hadn't seen Lola for over a week, I went round to her flat to give her her share.

"Well, well," she purred. "Who's taking me out to dinner tonight, then?" She disappeared into the bedroom to change, and within minutes emerged in a stunning, plain black dress cut almost to the navel and tight enough to show everyone that she hadn't got a stitch on underneath.

"Christ!" I breathed. "You'll upset every man within a mile's radius!"

She kissed me and darted out of reach. "As long as you're one of them."

We went to a plush restaurant in the West End, where the randy waiters fell over themselves to serve us. Whenever a waiter approached, Lola would reach out and touch my hand, telling them plainly what she intended when we got home. I almost felt sorry for them.

When we finally got back to her place she disappeared into the bedroom. When she came out I was surprised to see that she was still dressed. Then I grinned to myself, remembering the body beneath that dress and the pleasure it would give me to peel back the thin material.

When I turned round to hand her the drink, she was lying on the sofa. She had pulled down one strap of her dress and, eyes closed, was gently teasing the swollen nipple of the exposed breast. Mesmerised, I watched as she pulled down the other strap and lifted her buttocks to ease herself out of the black sheath. Underneath, she was as naked as a baby.

Quietly, I put the drinks down and eased my clothes off. Kneeling at the foot of the sofa I kissed her ankle, then moved slowly the length of one smooth, shapely leg. Her thighs opened as my lips approached, and my senses were invaded by the talcumed and womanly smell of her body. I leaned forward until, with her hand guiding me and my tongue paying homage to the beauty before me, I kissed and nuzzled the warm, moist flesh, feeling the throbbing of her blood like the soft pounding of a distant drum. Her breathing jerked as my probing tongue touched her sensory trigger, compelling me further inwards until I bathed in her hot juices.

Suddenly she whimpered and pulled gently at my head. I slid on to the sofa alongside her and eased myself on top of her waiting body.

"Oh, Vince, please," she whispered. "Love me, please love me."

As she arched her body to meet me and brought her legs up to encircle my waist, I was unable to wait any longer and plunged into her. She cried out and thrust up again, holding me hard. We moved violently, the act of love turning to an act of pure sex, our bodies colliding as we sought the release of orgasm. When it came, it was like riding the crest of a wave, our rhythm broken by the wonderful and involuntary spasms that racked our bodies.

It's been about three months now, and I'm just getting around to working with Charlie again after socking him in the teeth.

You see the rotten, conniving sod had got together with Lola and, unknown to me, had installed himself in her bedroom with his movie camera and filmed all our comings and goings – especially the former. Then the bastard had sold the film to Wally Noakes.

So if you go to Copenhagen for a dirty weekend, and someone offers you a range of films, forget about the 12-inch chopper. Look for the feller with a scar on his buttock and the agility of a well-trained ferret. That's me.

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MONA

Photographs by Rupert Daines

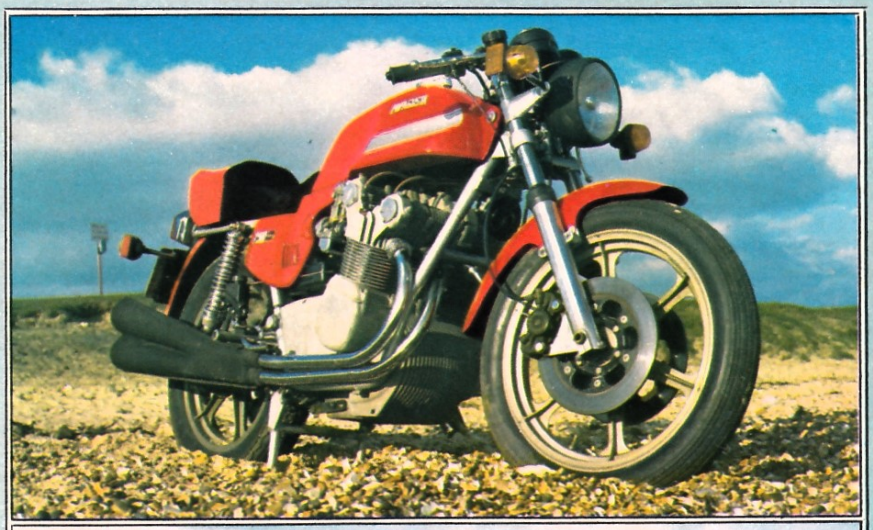
Meeting a girl like Mona can leave a man in quite a daze. She's an incessant talker, starting off three or four conversations at once and before ending them going on to several more topics. Even on a photo session Mona yaps away as if she's just discovered her voice box. Life with Mona could be very amusing and exhilarating if you could manage to keep up with the pace.

"I feel on a natural high all the time. My body speeds from the minute I get up to when I go to bed and I don't need to take any drugs to make me feel this way. My doctor says I've got a fast metabolism and an

over active brain. Whatever it is I feel I always have to rush around because there's so much to do and such a short space of time to do it in.
"My boyfriend finds it a bit hard to cope with at times. In fact I was banished from the room the day of the FA Cup Final so that I wouldn't talk all the way through it. But he doesn't mind when I talk on the job. Then it's dirty talk and he likes that because I never get lost for things to say to turn him on. So you see my mouth *does* have other uses . . . especially in the bedroom." MS

by Jerry Clayton *with photographs and illustrations by Andy Foster*

British roads resound to the roar of foreign bikes. Here are eight of the best, adding up to 7·4 litres of super power.



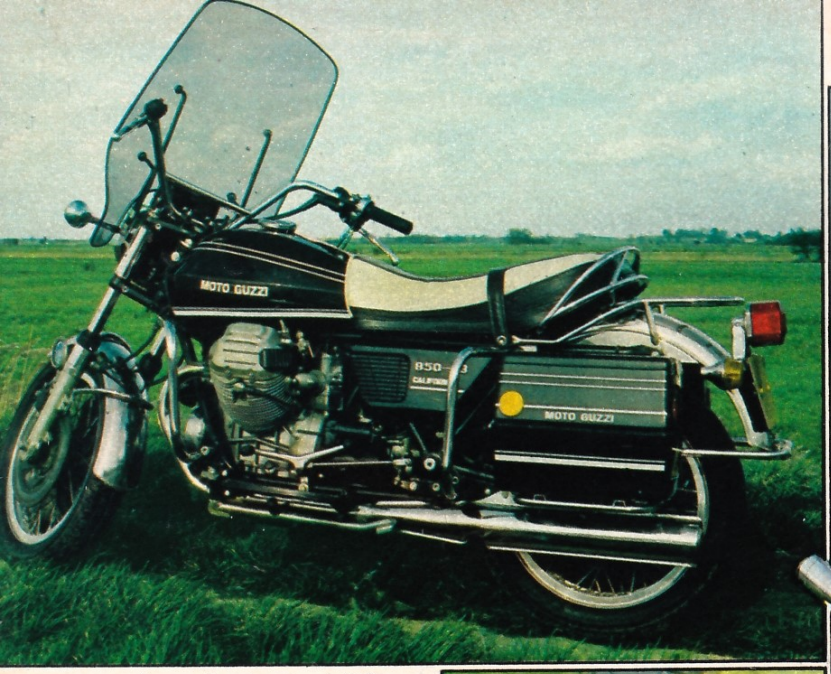
It was one of those heavy, clammy evenings in early June when the air itself hangs moodily and heat flies buzz in spirals over wispy exhaust hazes in London's traffic jams. Threading the BMW to the head of the queue just south of Kew Bridge, I stopped next to a white Mini. The driver, middle-aged and looking a trifle hot in his vehicle, studied the bike earnestly. The sticker inside the windscreen informed the world at large that he was a doctor. I sat, for a moment anticipating some coy remark but when he broke the ice it was disarming.

"Excuse me," he ventured, "I see the front disc is drilled. Does that help in the wet, I'm having trouble stopping my Kawasaki 1,000?"

There was no way any average biker would have associated this apparently mild-mannered being with the ravages of the Kawasaki's 83 brake horse power. It always comes as a tremendous shock to hard core motor cyclists to discover that more and more people, especially, it seems, in executive positions and the ilk, are enjoying the latest boom in 'superbikes' to the full.

Naturally, the Japanese, in particular Honda, started it in 1969 when introducing the CB750 K1 – a 750cc transverse four-cylinder classic with five speeds and electric start. Now, the kingpin of the Honda range is the Gold Wing – a 1,000cc transverse, liquid-cooled flat four, again with five speeds, electric start naturally, and shaft drive. In between these two from Honda, many things have happened . . .

The most obvious is the sad demise of Britain's motor cycle industry – the penalty of failing to react sufficiently to, or at least live with, the Japanese and Italian onslaught. Yet it's an ill wind, for the tremendous upsurge of interest in matters motor cycling has meant ancillary industries manufacturing clothing, helmets and bike equipment increasing the volume of their output, and looking seriously at the question of styling. It's small wonder that those with an appetite for a fast-moving pursuit have settled their pangs with expensive, yet exotic, two-wheeled machinery. Togged up in a one-piece nylon oversuit, the executive can arrive at his office clean and immaculate underneath and no grimed-



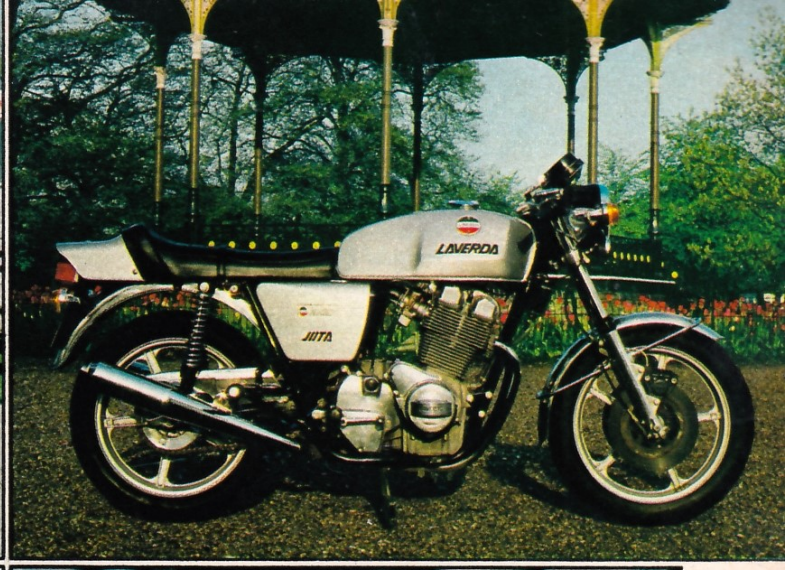
up face thanks to full-face helmets. For longer weekend jaunts, he can choose from a wide range of multi-coloured leathers and take the over-suit in case the weather turns sour.

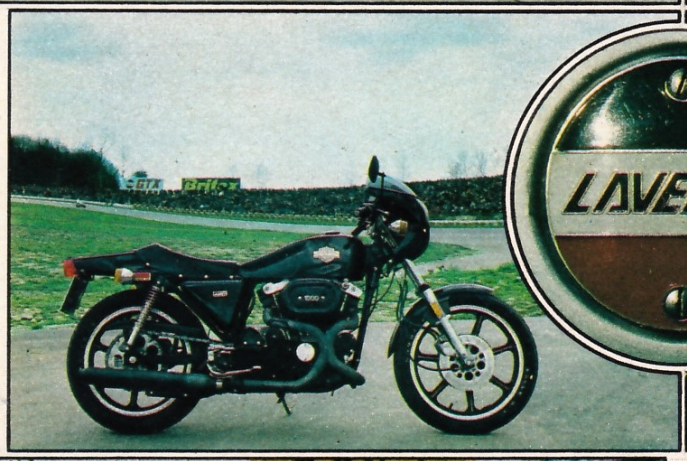
Just what is available on today's superbike market? Four cylinder MV Agustas and Kawasakis, three cylinder Laverda Jotas, flat four Honda Gold Wings, vee-twin Ducati Desmos and Harley Davidson Cafe Racers, and transverse vee-twin Moto Guzzi Californias, to name but a handful!

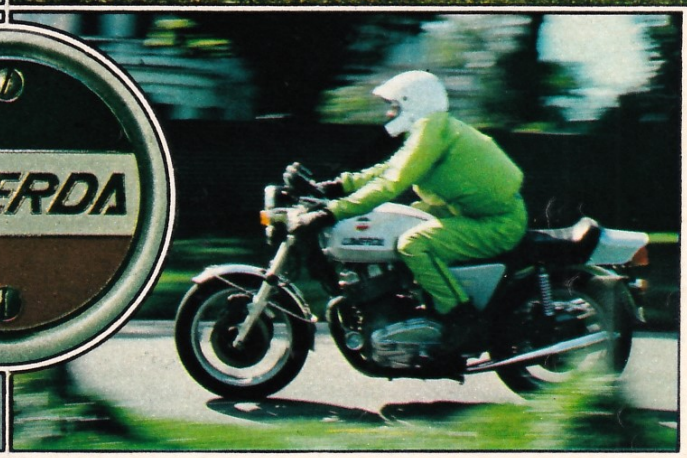
Let's run through them in that order, and offer immediate comparisons with machines of similar configuration.

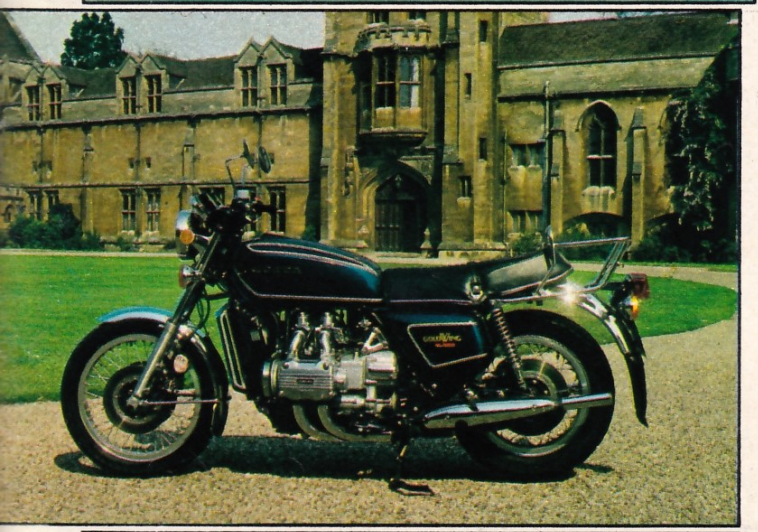
The Italian MV Agusta 750S America has a pedigree stretching back over 37 world championships. Its designate implies that it is a 750cc four, but increasing the bores from 64mm to 67mm has given the MV a capacity today of 790cc and an 850cc version could well be available this month. Unlike the racing versions which took men like John Surtees, Gary Hocking, Mike Hailwood, Giacomo Agostini and lastly Phil Read to an impressive array of world titles, the 750S America has a road going refinement – shaft drive!

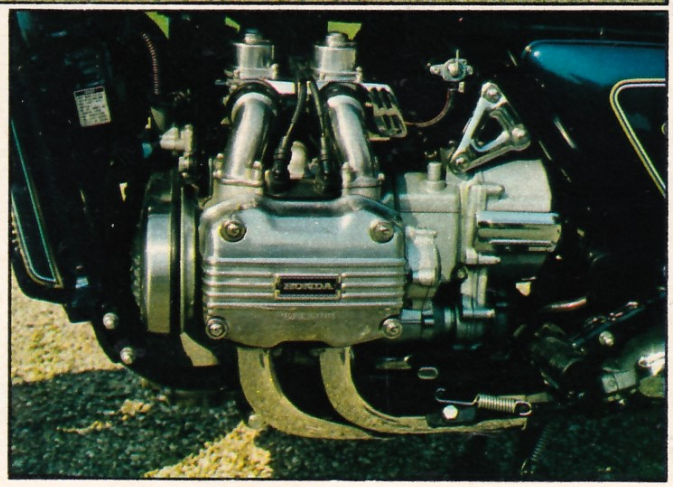
With bikes knocking out over 70 brake horse (the MV is claimed to produce 75 bhp











at 8,500 revs) and rear chains costing around £30, shaft drive must be a consideration with any large capacity machine.

The MV has double overhead camshafts, 9·5:1 compression ratio, and breathes through four 26mm Dell 'Orto carburettors. It weighs around 530lbs with fuel and oil and is capable of 130 plus.

With race-bred styling and handling, the MV has limitations for those requiring a motor cycle for occasional commuting. Certainly it has five speeds, but first gear is set high to keep ratios fairly close and the power only really comes in around 6,000 rpm. It's a difficult machine to trickle around town and really comes into its own on the open road. At £3,617, the 750S America is a status symbol, an elite bird puller with few peers.

Kawasaki's Z1000 is a far different animal. Massed produced, as opposed to the largely hand-assembled production of the MV, the Jap Z1000 is a natural progression from the Z900 formerly introduced here as the Z1. Again the engine has four cylinders, again the two overhead camshafts. The actual capacity of the Z1000 is 1,015cc and it will bowl along at the 130 mph mark when angered. Compression is 8·7:1, and feeding through four 26mm Mikunis it develops a claimed 83 bhp. Unlike the MV, the riding position is more conventional and the engine tractable to a degree. Indeed, it is feasible to toodle along at 1,500 rpm in top (fifth) gear around 25 mph and simply open up from there. Like the MV, the big 'Kwacker' has double hydraulic disc brakes at the front and a single hydraulic disc at the rear, but is chain driven. Final consideration to those seeking a four must be the price tag – £1,550.

Brute power and an aesthetic beauty combine with the £2,465 three cylinder Laverda Jota 3C. Rated at 1,000cc, the actual capacity is 981cc and the compression rated at 10:1. Again the machine has five gears and develops maximum power – probably in the upper 80 bhp bracket around 6,000 rpm. Italian made, the Jota (the name comes from a triple tempo gipsy dance favoured in Northern Italy) was the brainchild of British importer Roger Slater who developed the original 3C by modifying exhaust and carburation. Later on, racing experience brought about changes in cam profiles for fast road-work, and the Jota is for the

continued on page 79

Sleeptalkin' Guy

by Rachel Cavendish *with illustration by Brian Froud*

Making love in a hot and murmurous silence can be delightful. But aural sex has its own peculiar charms. The man whose bedtime vocabulary ranges from grunts and sighs, through to highly articulate language, will find himself exploring new and altogether different heights.

Fine ropes of plaited blonde silk tie his wrists. I spread his legs and tie each ankle to the chair. A length wound tight round the root of his cock makes it stand right out. I separate his balls, tie knots of silk between them. The skin of the sac is stretched so it's almost transparent. The balls, their shape so clearly outlined, look enormous. I twist the silken bonds so the knots cut into him, making him moan. His animal sounds turn me on; my sex feels heavy and swollen as I walk behind him. I undress slowly; he cannot see me, cannot touch. And all this time I am talking to him.

"You've got me so wet with wanting to fuck you. My breasts are so full with aching for you. I want to cover your face with my breasts, feeling you sucking, biting. I want your cock sliding between my breasts, in my mouth, in the recesses of my throat.

"I'm taking off my panties now, the blue satin ones you brought me back from Paris, the ones you like so much. There's a damp patch, fragrant with my juices. I love it when you suck at me through them, burying your head between my thighs. I'm touching myself for you. Inside the soft flesh is like damp velvet. I squeeze my muscles round my fingers, wanting it desperately to be you.

"You're going to fuck me, baby, rough ride me, split me in two with your cock. I want your come everywhere—my hair, my face, my breasts, my belly, shooting inside me. I can't wait . . ."

His cock looks so big now, the silk binding makes it very swollen and dark, almost frightening. I kneel between his legs and stroke him, very slowly, very lightly, wetting him with my own love juices so that my hands slide smooth and rhythmical. Now I take him in my mouth, washing him with my tongue, sliding the edges of my teeth against him—not biting, just creating gentle friction.

He cannot touch me, but he is turning me on with his words. Making me feel so very beautiful, sexy, all woman, organ-deep.

"You suck so beautiful, honey, nobody does it like you. I love to watch you, you're so beautiful when you suck me. I'm going to fuck you everywhere – your tits, your arse, your cunt, feeling your wetness all over my cock – tell me you love it, tell me you love my cock. Come on, baby, put me inside you, grind your hips, move your arse, squeeze me, milk me dry. Yes, baby, come on, yes, now, do it now"

I meant this to be much slower, but his voice heats me so that I can't wait any longer. I must have him inside me. His movements are very restricted – for some moments I am still, it's enough to feel him there. "You fill me up, so beautiful, you feel so big, so hard, going right to the top. I'm riding you, feel your balls slapping against my arse. Can't you feel how wet I am, bathing your cock with my juices'

Then I'm lost in the feeling and speech dissolves into groans of pleasure and deep sighs. I am so excited, I go faster and faster, my body moving like a belly dancer against his rigid stillness. The silken bonds on his cock graze my clit.

He is shouting his desire, calling me his whore, his cunt. The wilder his obscenities, the more abandoned I get. We are both screaming and yelling as the sensations coursing through my body focus womb-deep, break into a series of contractions that leave me weak and trembling, my face wet with tears.

And afterwards we talk again, reaffirm our joy in each other. I've never been this good, felt this sexy, this female with anybody else simply because Joe is the first man who really talks to me, who has taught me how to let go verbally. Through him I've learnt that sound is just as much part of sex-pleasure as sight, touch, smell and taste.

Holding back on sound when you make love is like trying to run a mile whilst holding your breath. Making a lot of noise actually helps you to make love better. It makes you physically stronger and increases the amount of available energy. Sounding off means you are breathing deeper, getting more oxygen into your system, making the whole body alive and more responsive. So you can fuck better and enjoy it more.

As well as all that extra energy putting you well on the way to a super-fuck, sex talk is a great way of getting to know what your lover turns on to. Like most women I've held back in the past, being afraid of making the wrong moves, of doing something that would really turn him off. I really need encouraging words, not a list of the techniques he favours or a road map of the hot spots on his body.

After-love talk is just as important – we all thrive on praise. And it's the best time to share fantasies because it's the one time when there is no pressure to act them out. In the relaxed, pleasure-sated atmosphere fantasies that you both pick up on can be explored, rehearsed. If Joe had just handed me a rope and asked me to tie him up I would have done it – I adore being told what to do. But I know the episode wouldn't have been half so exciting. In fact it was something we had been talking about for weeks which meant I was turned on before we even started.

The planning didn't take away the spontaneity but it did mean that I could really get into it. I made up special silk ropes, dressed and behaved more butch than usual.

That afternoon I was wearing a borrowed pair of riding boots – complete with spurs – skin tight jeans tucked into them, a black leather top unzipped to the waist. When he arrived I didn't smile at him, just lead him into the room, ordered him to undress and tied him up.

Our sex scene wasn't over when I untied him. After all goals on match of the day aren't the only action that deserves instant replay. We had tape-recorded the whole thing. A mike can fix on sounds that you might miss – the squelchy sounds of deep-

Brian Froud 197

throating, the rhythmic slapping sounds of two bodies lubricated with a film of fresh sweat, the lapping of a tongue, flesh being sucked in and breathed out again, the liquid sounds of a cock pounding into a juicy cunt, the changes in the pattern of breathing, cries you weren't even aware of making.

Not that we use the tape all the time, that would make it routine, unerotic, but just now and then. We keep the best tapes and are building up our own erotic library . . . lately it's become a lending library for we've swopped tapes with like-minded friends.

Making erotic tapes can be a shared pleasure, too. A few months ago, Joe was away and I went to see a porno movie with the two girls who live next door. They are lovers and have been together for the past three years.

After the film they came back to my flat for supper and then, feeling very relaxed and happy, we sat around drinking generous glasses of Irish coffee.

We got to talking about the film; it was beautifully photographed but the dialogue was so bad – even the heavy breathing was out of sync. I told them I had tapes that were much better. Of course they asked to hear one.

We went into the bedroom to listen. Even before we heard the tapes the mood was warm and sensual – the accumulative effect of the movie, the food, the drink. The tape spiced the mood into horny. They both wanted for us to make a tape there and then.

I had known these two girls for more than a year, but we had never even come close to making out together, but now the vibrations were right. They knew I'd want to send the tape to Joe – we share all our sex – and what we set out to create was a word picture for him. Here is an exact transcript of what we recorded.

Rachel: I'm here in my bedroom watching two girls undress. I have never seen them naked before. Suzy is walking across the room to pile her clothes on the chair. She has rich, dark hair, the colour of bitter chocolate. It's so long, almost reaching her buttocks – in the centre of each is a perfect dimple. Her breasts are large, slightly pendulous and they sway as she walks. Her skin is dark olive and her nipples are really huge, the kind that don't get hard, but have a slit in them that makes me want to push my tongue deep inside.

Her cunt hair is spectacular, so thick and long, it comes half-way up her belly and grows low in the groin. Even from behind you can see it growing between the cheeks, completely hiding her sex, making it mysterious.

Lorraine is quite different. Short, blonde hair, lightly tanned skin. She's slim and tall with tiny breasts, tip-tilted, almost pointed. Her pubic hair is a barely visible golden crisp of tight curls. She has a lovely, serene face.

At this moment I am feeling both excited and terrified. They start to undress me and I close my eyes, not knowing whose hands are unbuttoning my blouse, pulling the skirt down over my hips. Whose hands are stroking my face, who is kissing me?

Suzy: My turn now. We're undressing Rachel. She is trembling slightly and her milk-white skin is delicately flushed. She is almost naked now, except for dove-grey silk stockings and a very narrow black suspender belt.

Lorraine: Rachel is different than I had imagined. When she's dressed she looks very slim, undressed she's more curvy, soft rounded breasts with beautiful rose-pink nipples that respond very quickly when I suck them and become dark red.

Now we are all on the bed. Suzy, I love so well and I know so well – her body is almost an extension of my own. And between us this strange new body. For now I just luxuriate in all this flesh, I look through the mirror above the bed – a rolling sea of breasts, all soft female flesh. I slide my fingers into the cunts of the two women. Rachel is so smooth, her pubis completely shaved of hair so that my fingers slip easily into her – inside she is quite small and delicately made. With Suzy there's so much hair, wet and fragrant with her juices, my fingers have to find their way through.

Suzy: I pull Rachel towards me until she is lying on top of me. My mouth is filled with her soft breasts. We are rubbing cunt on cunt. I open her lips out so they are enclosed in mine. We are moving so beautifully together.

Rachel: I am in the centre of two loving women, one underneath me, her mouth wet on my breast. Her cunt lips seem to be sucking mine in. Above me is Lorraine. She is lying full length on my back, supporting herself on her arms. She is moving herself from side to side so I can feel her nipples, hard now, against the soft parts of my

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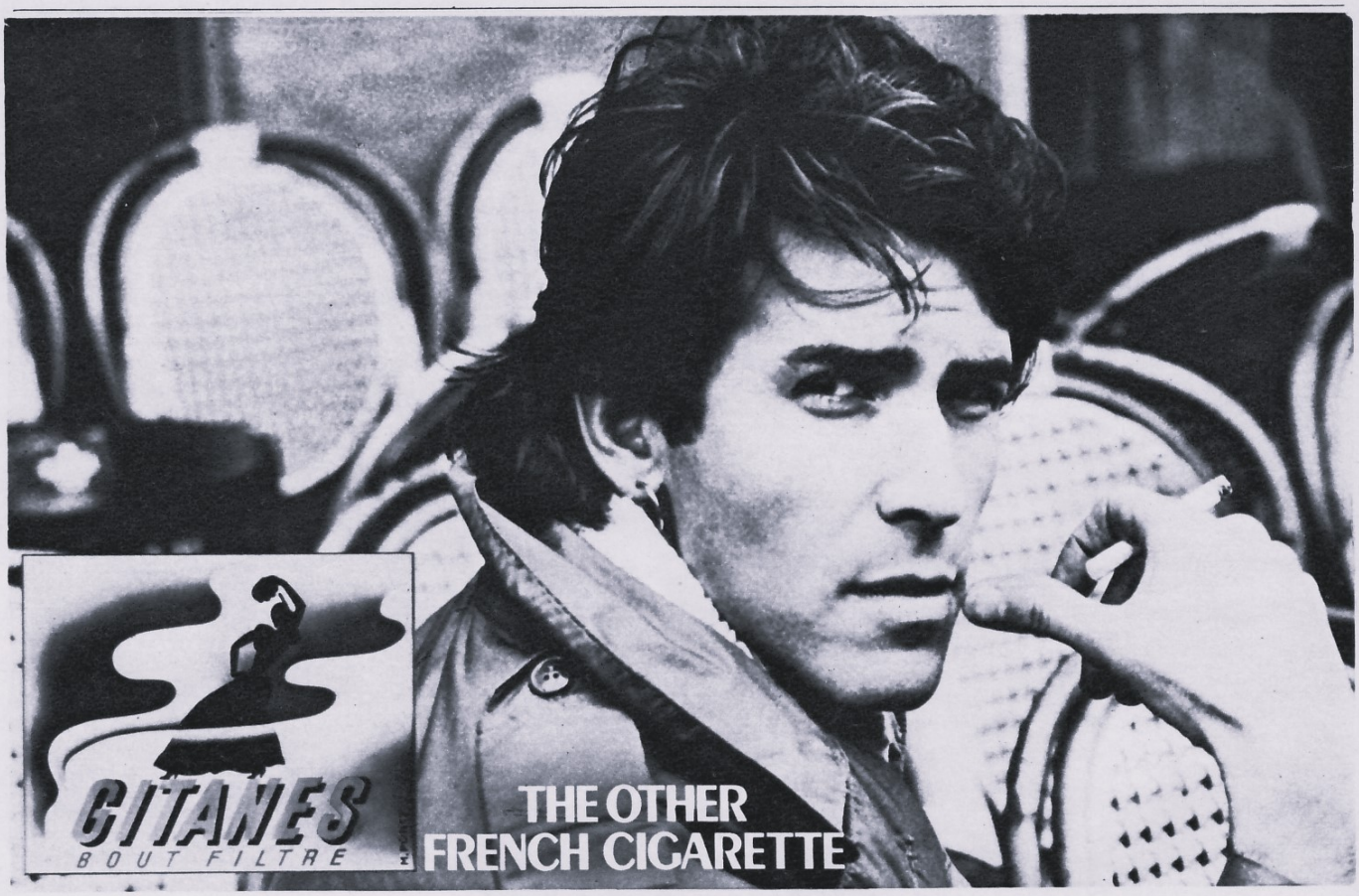
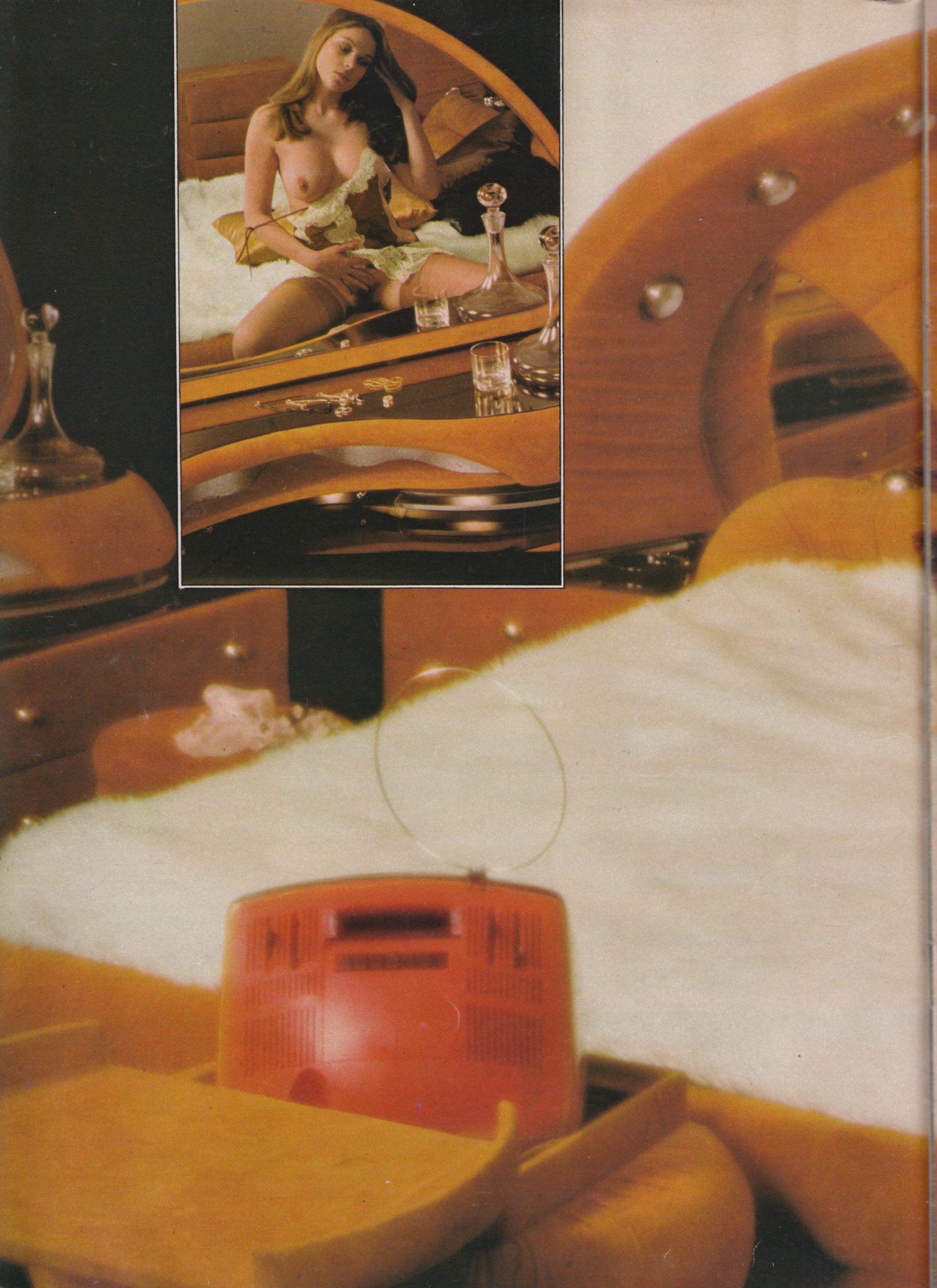


"LOW TO MIDDLE TAR"
As defined by H.M. Government.
EVERY PACKET CARRIES A GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING.

ALLIE

Photographs by Dwight Fox



Allie lounges on the bed with her big white cat snuggled up beside her. The air in her penthouse flat in Fulham is scented with the smell of white and red roses. Allie likes roses. They make her nostrils curl up with contentment and if Allie's happy, then Rupert the cat's happy.
Lying on the bed our centre girl positions herself in a yoga pose, breathes in deeply and closes her eyes. A Pink Floyd LP is playing in the background and as the cat stretches himself over her stomach, Allie turns her mind off to the sounds around her and pretends she's floating in space. She wants to lose herself somewhere very far off.
Her mind doesn't stay blank for long, however. A name flickers across her brain, then another, then a third. Each name holds a memory and each memory is too precious to be forgotten. Allie remembers the soft kisses, the long and deep kisses, the soft, delicate hands and the rougher, grabbing hands. It's as if she can feel them all touching her at once, making her feel a faint tremor of excitement.
Paul was her teacher at art college. He used to suck her nipples for hours at a time, starting with short licks on the areola

and ending up with a deep sucking motion on the breast itself. Allie enjoyed watching her body rise and fall to Paul's tongue and when she couldn't bear the tension mounting inside her any longer, her middle finger would reach down to her erect clitoris and rub it gently. And when the waves of orgasm were approaching so Allie's finger would rub harder and quicker. Paul, as with all her boyfriends, heard first a tiny cry and then that tiny cry would turn into a little scream, until that built up to the point where Allie would be busily moving her arse on and off the bed screaming and shouting with ecstasy.

Mark was Allie's favourite in bed. The memory bank flicked that through. When he lived at the penthouse flat he'd often get down on his knees to give her the speciality of the house. And then the screams could be heard all the way down the King's Road and very occasionally at Sloane Square. Mark was unique in that he put his whole face into the art of oral love. His nose would squirm between her cunt lips, his mouth would pull the fleshy labia apart for his tongue to get to work, and his eyes played the part of seeing when the little rose bud was ready to bubble over. The swollen clitoris would finally be placed between Mark's lips and sucked gently, as Paul had sucked her nipples so often and expertly before.

Those were just two of the memories that were foremost in her mind, but others would have a chance to appear at some point during the night. Allie was far away, locked up in her own thoughts and fantasies, occasionally feeling the soft fur of Rupert who would nestle into a new position after being woken up by the screams. Only in the morning would the noise die down and they'd both be able to get some real rest. MF

Brown chiffon nightie by Charlotte Hilton for Finewear. Peach bra and pants set by Mary Quant. Johara bed by Verardo of Italy—distributed by Jonathan Oak Ltd., Bromley, Kent.

MEN ONLY GIRL : MISS ALISON PAYNES

THE THROBBING AND E
OF PROTECTIVE
RESTRICTIVE

IN WHICH KINGS, GENERA
RISE HAPPILY TO

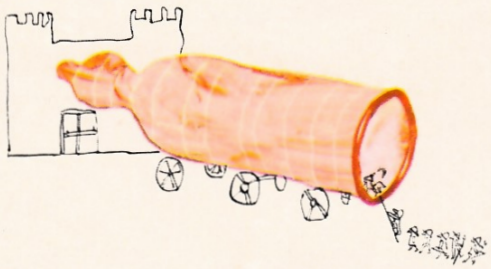
conception by Horizon Contracepti

Before B.C.

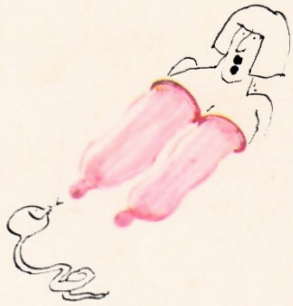
Stoned Henge was kept high and dry . . .

. . . and storing food was a mammoth task . . .

Just about B.C.



. . . the rubber whores of Troy had their way . . .



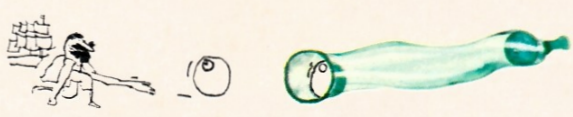
. . . there were new asp-ects for Cleopatra.

Suddenly it's A.D.

. . . Canute had a bath with his boots on . . .

. . . one in the eye for Norman Bill . . .

. . . and Drake was in his hammock a thousand smiles away.



VER-EXPANDING STORY RACKETS AND PRACTICES

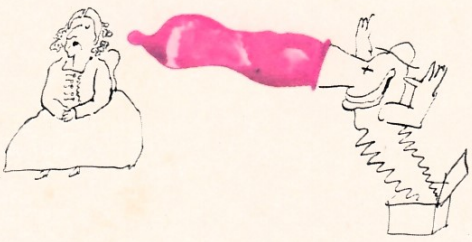
LS AND ASSORTED SERFS THE OCCASION.

with illustrations by Tony Matthews

Victoria rules

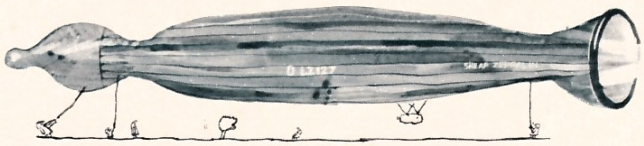
. . . as Isambard Kingdom Brunel got a head start . . .

. . . and Madam was not abused.

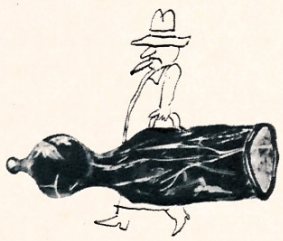


FLAPPER TIME

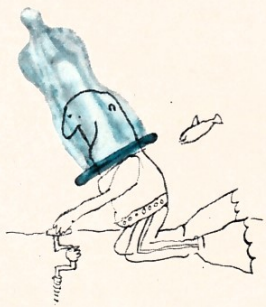
Zeppelin stopped a few . . .



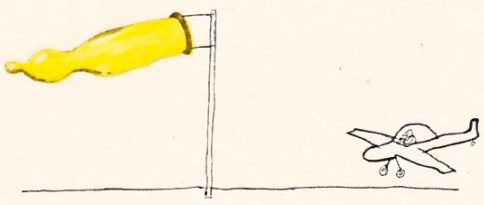
. . . and hitmen ensured a miss.



Right now



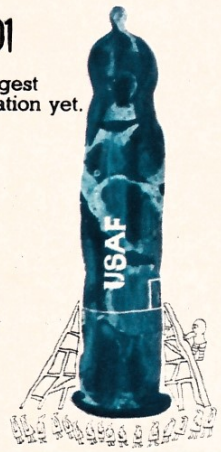
. . . a North Sea foil for sub aqua drilling



. . . or sock it to the wind.

2001

the longest penetration yet.



The Hard Sell

by **Adam Martin** *with graphics by Geoff Halpin and photograph by Nigel Messett*

A shoe is a shoe; a champagne bottle is a champagne bottle. Or are they? Do the mediamen, who create the dazzling, sometimes beautiful, often arresting, advertisements that entice us from hoardings and the pages of magazines, have the power to touch a collective unconscious preoccupation with the most powerful force of all?

When I approached some of my friends in advertising, in order to write this article, all manner of strange things happened. A kind of masonic vow of silence descended over the wall-to-wall, deep pile corridors of the industry. It was as if the Curse of the Commercials had hit me. Doors closed where once they had been opened, telephones were perpetually engaged. Draconian secretaries seemed to replace sensuous and obliging ones. Former colleagues appeared to be in a nightmare world of endless conferences, foreign trips, sudden illnesses and out of town conflabs. Have you ever felt unwanted? I felt as if I were alone in London trying to make a date with myself and still being jilted.

Perhaps rumours of the dreaded *curse* were all true. I'd heard about it, but had hardly believed it possible, even feasible. Banished to a world peopled with bad breath, undeodorised feet,

harsh toilet paper. A world without endless pints of warm beer, breadburgers, make-in-a-minute TV dinners, brunch and Chinese food that you could make out of a matchbox. Forced to exist without smoothinox fluffiflora, or to watch some poor bugger of a husband creaming himself over two fish fingers. Alone, abandoned like a child at Christmas pressing a cold nose against the windows of the Great Society.

What could be more damning? No more would I be expected to struggle with a pint that thinks it's a quart in order to suffer distension of the gut, wear odour-eaters, or be screamed out to procure the special offers that no-one else seemed to want. The curse would deprive me of the visual spectacle of the honey monster, or some pathetic housewife creating instant disasters out of some dehydrated jingle. Why, the discerning reader might ask, had this happened?

What had I done that was so terrible, making me the victim of this unfair curse?

I had simply stated that I wanted to write an article about sex and advertising. To my horror I had discovered, only too late, that this is an anathema to the advertising community. In the land that they inhabit, sex is a taboo.

"You see," one friend confided to me in one of our favourite pubs in between frantic glances around the bar, "no-one *actually* admits to the sex element in ads."

Since the original charter on advertising was drawn up to 'protect' the consumer, one of the clauses instigated by the Independent Broadcasting Authority made it quite clear that on no account could sex be used to promote a product, unless the material was obviously sexual in nature, of course. This has, naturally, led to some difficulties, especially for contraceptive manufacturers.

Recently, however, one famous manufacturer has brought out a product that moves away from the one size, one colour policy that they had been known for. The sheath has now become part of copywriting folklore . . . renewed with 'a sting in the tail.' It is aimed also at pleasuring the woman. In this world of euphemism, this product, long hidden in chemist counters away from embarrassed generations of schoolboys, now becomes known as *protective*. Attractively packaged, an opened box is placed amongst the lingerie of lovemaking.

As for all those other products, be it beer or cars, cigarettes or perfume, the incidence of sex is officially speaking – accidental. The mandarins of advertising would have us believe that products are not promoted consciously with any sexual slant. Any bias in the direction of sex is sheer coincidence and all in the mind . . . Because of the IBA regulations, few people in the advertising game will openly admit the obvious. As if by a strange twist, the promoters of the impossible dream are themselves forced to live in a sad, twilight world haunted by half-truth, ambiguity and illusion. This falsehood leads many of them into a kind of *demi-monde* of double think where nothing else exists when the commercials are off.

'The mandarins of advertising would have us believe that products are not promoted consciously with any sexual slant. Any bias in the direction of sex is sheer coincidence and all in the mind . . .'

We might be excused if we did not realise that the well-known advert for popular small cigars, simply uses that beautiful dusky actress as a sales executive, rather than as a gorgeous delight to the eyes. Any link between the visual splendour of her breasts while she seductively unravels a tobacco leaf is nothing more than a remarkable coincidence.

Similarly, take that advert for a famous pipe tobacco. A lovely blonde, breathless and Monroe-like, lies draped across an expensive sofa. Placed there in such a way as to leave nobody in the dark, there is a long and tantalising lecture on how much she approves of men who use this product.

The ad men readily admit that practically all their adverts go beyond a pure information service. Those adverts that use sexual imagery of some kind or other, almost certainly are specifically designed that way. All adverts operate on two levels. These are known as the *surface* and *deep* structures. Any self-respecting Freudian in advertising is aware of these important layers of meaning.

The *surface* or primary structure is the immediate display provided, as in the photograph or television commercial. The different elements – picture, slogan, design and typography are all used to create total impact. The product is provided with an approach, which carries to the consumer a 'message.' That message extends to us a direct or indirect piece of salesmanship. In most adverts the appeal is to some desirable situation. The surface appeal might be to arouse our emotions, caress our fears, aggressions and sexual fantasy.

This blend of visual metaphor and skilful salesmanship covers over a secondary layer known as the *deep* structure. The advert that works most effectively for you has reached into your unconscious mind. Such an advert feeds off your deep-rooted feelings and attempts to provide you with a blissful cinerama of your most secret desires. Those adverts that you find amusing, attractive or enjoyable have probably succeeded in stimulating some hidden sexual impulse. Your obsessions, be they financial, sexual, sadistic or hedonistic, are played up to through this *deep* structure.

The more sophisticated an advertisement the more it depends on sexual moods. The music, atmosphere, language – all convey a suitable environment for the ultimate fuck. This type of ad usually presents a party situation, between either a couple or a crowd. The people involved are portrayed as being immensely rich, living Colour Supplement lives. More often than not they move around in groups reminiscent of the playboy, jet-set that was most associated with the mid 1950s. The women are in their early 30s, with the wry smile of a recent divorce on their lips. As they drink the advertised vermouth, or nibble at an after dinner mint the young lover appears, still wet from delivering chocolates elsewhere. Even if the raunchy man with that gallic pout is wearing an ill-fitting Moss Bros, what the hell . . . what counts is the concept of sexual *noblesse*. We are all fascinated with the rich. If we can watch them experiencing pleasure then we, too, become part of it. The voyeuristic side of our nature is exploited to the full in the classy ad.

Basic ads are more obvious. Lipstick ads with parted teeth exposing a teasing tip of tongue, wet with recent pleasure, appeal most to the lesbian fantasies of women. Photosets in most fashion magazines contain lots of pictures of lovely girls arm in arm, holding hands – admiring each other from afar with an erotic cheekiness reserved for teenagers. This lesbian approach is found principally in adverts for directly sexual clothing – girdle ads, bathing costumes, nail varnish, boots and shoes all invite treatment. The really beautiful adverts often fit into this *genre*. In an ad I discovered in a French magazine for teenage girls, a lipstick was presented in the bedroom of one of the girls. It was clearly a setting suited to the intimate, fleeting romance that seemed evident between the two.

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Edited by David Jones *with graphics by Bob Norrington*

***Men Only* brings you a major coup with another instalment of one of the most remarkable sexual documentaries ever printed. It is the unexpurgated casebook of an international sex therapist, documenting in detail the case histories of the patients who have passed through his clinic in recent years. The world of the sex clinic and its treatment of sexual malfunctions demands total confidentiality, and because of the intimate nature of the case histories and of this obvious need to retain the strictest of confidence over much of their content, fictitious names are used throughout the series.**

CASE HISTORY FOUR
Patient: *James Trewen.*
Sex: *Male*
Age: *26*
Nationality: *American*
Marital Status: *Divorced*
Therapist in charge of case: *Dr. Peter Greenwood*
Surrogate: *Sheila Lawson*

Dr. Peter Greenwood: James Trewen was a particularly interesting case to all of us at the clinic in that he was the first case of ejaculatory incompetence that we treated. It is a somewhat rare form of male sexual dysfunction, best described in lay terms as the inability to reach ejaculation within the vagina during the act of intercourse, although the achievement and maintenance of an erection – often for considerable periods – normally does not present a problem. It is a form of sexual inadequacy that can be difficult to treat in marital situations, in that the female partner, for perhaps obvious reasons, can rarely see it as the problem that it actually is.

It frequently occurs – within the already mentioned rarity pattern – at the patient's first full sexual experience and continues throughout the patient's sexual life, whether this be restricted to one permanent sexual partner, within or without marriage, or through a number of sexual relationships. As is so often the case with other sexual dysfunctions, ejaculatory incompetence is frequently connected with a restrained religious upbringing.

James's marriage had eventually broken down after 10 years (including three years of psychotherapy) and he had finally approached the clinic direct in an attempt to resolve his problem. Dr. Frewin's initial interviews had revealed a strongly religious background, within which virtually any mention of sexual matters had been taboo.

At the age of 12 he had been 'discovered' in the act of masturbation by his mother and severely punished for this 'sinful' behaviour, subsequently being forced to reveal his sexual 'crime' to the family's religious authority, a minister who berated the boy on the wickedness of ejaculation of any kind in an unmarried male. This traumatic incident built up an unconscious fear of ejaculation that culminated, on James's wedding night, in an inability to ejaculate that had stayed with him ever since.

The treatment of ejaculatory incompetence begins with the Masters and Johnson 'sensate focus' technique, after which the female partner is encouraged to masturbate the man to ejaculation in a sexually demanding fashion, at the same time asking the man to give her guidance as to the most arousing techniques, in order to produce the maximum stimulation. This process may take some time before ejaculation is achieved, so both surrogate and partner are reassured that time is unimportant.

Once success is achieved, the male loses his traumatic fear of ejaculation and identifies with the surrogate as the producer of sexual pleasure. From thereon it is simply a question of the surrogate encouraging the man to transfer this ability to reach ejaculation – and pleasure – intravaginally. This step is achieved in a similar manner, by the surrogate reacting demandingly, with maximum pelvic movement, and encouraging the man to tell her what he finds most stimulating, sexually.

There is no better female surrogate available to the clinic for this kind of work than Sheila Lawson, the 27-year-old, highly attractive, red-headed surrogate who specialises in therapy – more usually – with patients suffering from premature ejaculation. This was to be her first attempt to help a patient suffering from ejaculatory incompetence.

Sheila Lawson: I was looking forward to my sessions with James Trewen. After what seemed like years of treating guys with premature ejaculation, someone who could get

a permanent hard-on and screw for hours was going to make a pleasant change.

The first thing I had to do was read up the subject of ejaculatory incompetence and to go through the treatment programme with Dr. Frewin and Dr. Greenwood. They were as interested in this first case of ours as I was, though probably for different reasons. I read the case notes, as I always have to do, and found them both interesting and rather sad. This guy wasn't screwed up sexually like most of the clinic's patients; he'd just had the sort of upbringing and parents that gave him no chance to develop normally.

It still never ceases to amaze me the things some parents can do to their kids in the name of education. When, oh when, will the world ever get to the stage where sex is regarded as it should be, as a natural function, to be enjoyed as normally as eating and drinking? Imagine beating a kid for jerking off. Jesus, if *I* got beaten every time I masturbated, I'd have a permanently sore arse.

I was fascinated to discover that the initial part of the treatment programme, after the 'touch-and-learn', getting to know and relax with each other's bodies technique, consisted of masturbating the guy to ejaculation in whatever horny manner most turned him on, particularly in view of his traumatic introduction to the pleasure of masturbation as a boy. But Dr. Greenwood has assured me that James had advanced far enough with his psychotherapy sessions to have got this aspect of his problem reasonably together in his mind.

Going through the various pre-session tests at the clinic, I felt, I think for the first time, irritated by them. Sitting in the lab watching the claret red blood being drawn up into the syringe for the blood tests, I felt somehow humiliated. What kind of person did they think I was anyway? A hooker? But the paranoia was only temporary. Surely to God the patients had enough problems without being given the clap during their treatment, and it doesn't take any particular kind of person to catch that. 'Nice' people catch it, too.

In fact, not only was I healthy, I was raring to go. I was interested in this new problem. I'd already seen James in the main clinic restaurant. We had our own staff restaurant if we wanted to relax without having to meet with patients for any reason, but I always liked to have a look at a new patient early on in his treatment, before he got to the surrogate stage. In fact, patients were never assigned to us before we had an opportunity of having a discreet look at them, and if any of us felt we couldn't cope with a particular patient, purely because of their appearance, then they were never forced on us.

"I explained to him that we had to go through the process of masturbating him to ejaculation, and that when we reached that stage, he could suck me then while I gave him the most sensual hand-job I knew how."

The 'sensate focus' sessions were fun. James was obviously reacting to his psychotherapy well, in that he wasn't half as uptight as his case history made one think he would be. He had a good body, brown curly hair, brown eyes and a soft Pennsylvanian accent that went well with his gentle manner. He also had a pretty cock, and it was good not to have to be trying to help him to get an erection. And I was looking forward to getting that cock up my pussy. Treatment aside, I didn't care if he never ejaculated! Well, a girl knows what she likes, and fucking myself to a standstill on that hard, firm, lovely thick cock would be my idea of heaven.

But seriously, I have to ask you to believe that my intentions were entirely honorable. I would, of course, do what was expected of me. But I can fantasise, can't I? Why not? Half the fun of sex is the fantasy.

We stroked each other's bodies, neither of us breaking the rules and touching where we shouldn't. And whatever his problem, James certainly liked me.

As the sessions progressed he became more relaxed, and when we *did* get to handling each other's genitals, he was totally fascinated by my outsize outer labia. He couldn't keep his hands off them, and he told me that he couldn't wait for the time when he could suck me. That was something I was looking forward to, too, but for the time being we both had to be patient. I explained to him that we had to go through the process of my masturbating him to ejaculation, and that when we reached that stage, he could suck me then while I gave him the most sensual hand-job I knew how, but that we would have to wait until Dr. Greenwood told us the time had come.

We talked a lot about his problem, reasonably enough, and he told me that prior to his entry into the clinic, he was practically going out of his mind. He told me that he had ended up hating his wife, although he appreciated now that his problem had little to do with her, other than her inability to accept it as a problem. Despite his ability to fuck for hours, he felt his inability to come was unmanly, a comment on his virility, and he said that if only she had helped him by encouraging his fantasies, not ignoring them, they could have beaten it together.

I took that a step farther and asked him what his particular fantasies were, in that when we started the hand-job bit, I had been instructed to be sexually aggressive, as demanding as I possibly could or, in plain English, to turn him on in any way that would produce the desired result: an ejaculation.

His fantasies seemed, from the ensuing conversation, to centre on oral sex of any kind, from eating pussy – something his wife apparently thought disgusting – to having his cock sucked. He had never indulged in either. I promised that by the time we had cured him, he would have experienced – and enjoyed – both.

I reported back to Dr. Greenwood that evening, and after our discussion he told me that tomorrow I could try my hand – pun intended – at masturbating James to ejaculation. I went home feeling happy, if decidedly frustrated, which resulted in my practising my masturbatory technique on myself before falling asleep, my fingers still deep in my wet pussy.

I awoke the following morning with a feeling of genuine excitement. Today was the most important day so far in James's treatment. If I could get James to come in my hand, I was that much nearer to getting him to come in my cunt. And that I really wanted. As did he.

"Okay, James," I said as I stripped off to my panties. "Today's the day. Today you can suck my pussy lips, lick my cunt, taste my wet, tight, soft muff." As I spoke I slipped my hand down to my pussy and started stroking it through the nylon of my panties. And I stepped up to where he was lying on the bed, his head propped up on one elbow, and stood with my pantie crotch about an inch from his face.

"Can you smell my cunt? Can you feel how wet I am?" And I reached down and pulled his nose against the soft, wet fabric of my panties, gently pushing my hips forward and rubbing my snatch against his mouth and nose.

Frankly, I was talking dirty quite deliberately. I'd noticed in our earlier conversations that he got very excited when I did just that. I stepped back,

DOCTOR PROVES PENIS ENLARGEMENT CAN WORK!

Amongst the numerous claims made in this most sensitive field comes an entirely new method, the result of two years research by a world famous Sexologist.

Controlled tests have proved this method to be reliable and totally safe.

While most methods remain closely guarded secrets the Chartham Method has nothing to hide. All the facts are published including actual test results – a firm testimony to the success of this revolutionary method.

The Chartham Method is a proven means of increasing the size of the male organ, both in the flaccid and erect state, developed and tested by Dr. Robert Chartham, Ph.D.

A NEW BREAKTHROUGH

There has never been, until now, anyone of repute willing and able to undertake a serious investigation into the possibility of increasing the size of the penis. The medical profession has always scoffed at both the desirability and the possibility of achieving this.

The desirability is surely the choice of the individual, while the possibility is obvious, when one thinks about it.

An erection is produced by erotic stimulation, transmitted from the brain via the appropriate nerves, causing the penis to be liberally charged with blood, which in turn causes it to expand and stiffen.

Basically speaking, to enlarge the erection, it is necessary to increase the blood flow and to stretch the erectile tissues of the penis to accommodate the extra blood.

These are the two most important problems successfully solved by Dr. Robert Chartham, during his lengthy investigations.

THE MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE CHARTHAM METHOD

Dr. Robert Chartham is the author of a dozen books on sexology with world wide sales of over 9 million translated into eleven different languages. He has been a sex counsellor for 40 years and has his own clinic in London, England, where he receives over 4,000 letters a year from all over the world. He also lectures on sexual psychology at many British Universities, has spoken on television in both America and Britain, and was the pioneer of sex education for teenagers in the U.K.

THE FACTS ABOUT THE CHARTHAM METHOD

Dr. Chartham's interest in the possibility of increasing penile dimensions caused him to investigate such alleged methods as were already in existence. To this end he was able to call on the assistance of a number of men who have helped him in other experiments.

His initial research showed that the fantastic claims made by many of these methods were backed by no concrete evidence whatsoever and experiments proved them virtually useless. However, two methods did succeed in producing some improvement – the Magnaphall Course and the Vacuum Developer.

The improvements gained by the former were slight but permanent and also resulted in a much firmer erection. The Vacuum Developer produced considerable improvement, but only of a temporary nature. Various models of these were tested but some were found to be positively dangerous in use, with the result that Dr. Chartham decided on one of his own design.

He next tested these two methods in conjunction with each other and achieved considerable success.

Further research enabled Dr. Chartham to incorporate additional improvements in order to combine them to the best possible advantage. The result was an entirely new method of penile development.

He then conducted controlled tests with 15 men of varying age groups. The following results are exactly as stated in his report.

"Of the 15 who took part, 3 were aged 21, 23 and 24 respectively; 4 were between 28 and 35; 5 were between 40 and 45 and 2 were 51 and 54 respectively. The 21 and 23year olds added up to 1¼" in length and ¾" in girth. The 24 year old added 1" in length and just over 1" in girth. The 28s to 35s added between ¾" to 1" in length and between ½" and ¾" in girth. The 40s to 45s were within the same limits, though one added 1½" to length and an inch to girth. The 51 year old added ¾" to length and an inch to girth, and the 54 year old put on ¾" in length and just over 1¼" in girth.

A latecomer to the tests was a man in his early 60s, whose measurements were already 6½" in length and 5" in girth, yet produced the surprising results of 1.3" in length and 0.7" in girth by the time all had completed the course, though he carried it out for one month less than the rest."

These results are even more amazing than at first appears.

First, there was not a single failure in any age group. Secondly, the increases both in length and circumference are quite remarkable when one considers them in perspective. To appreciate what an increase in girth of ¾" means, take a tape measure and curl the end over to make a circle of 4¾" (roughly average penis circumference) then move it out to 5½". The difference in length can be shown by holding a ruler against the length of your own erect penis and imagining another 1" added.

SOME QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ABOUT THE CHARTHAM METHOD

Q. Why should a man wish to increase the size of his penis, when all the books say that size doesn't matter?

A. It is a fact that the size of a man's penis does not physically affect his sexual performance or his ability to give satisfaction to his partner. Dr. Robert Chartham, has for over 30 years attempted to convince worried men that their feelings of penile inferiority were unfounded. However, of recent years he has come to the conclusion that, psychologically, the size of a man's penis is of vital importance to him and, that no amount of assurance will convince the underdeveloped man that he can be the sexual equal of his more well endowed neighbour. Neither is it possible to convince the average woman that a larger penis will not necessarily afford her more sexual enjoyment. The penis is the symbol of man's masculinity and any fears as to its dimensions being inadequate can be extremely damaging to his sexual confidence. On the other hand, the man who is well endowed in this respect has every confidence in his lovemaking.

Q. What does the Chartham Method consist of?

A. The Chartham Method consists of the course manual, containing detailed and illustrated instructions as to the exercises, manipulations and massage, together with the Vacuum Developer, which is used in conjunction with these. There are no drugs or medications. The instruction manual has been written by Dr. Chartham himself in clear and concise language, making it simple for anyone to follow. The specially designed Vacuum Developer is made of clear material so that you can actually see the penis expanding during use. This model has been specially constructed so that no harm can be done to the penis by it's use, according to the instructions. The course needs to be carried out for 12 weeks in order to obtain maximum results.

Q. How does the Chartham Method work?

A. Expressed as briefly as possible, the rationale of the Chartham Method lies in stimulating the circulation to increase the supply of blood to the genital region; in promoting the elasticity and expansile properties of the vascular tissue of shaft and glans; and in enabling the subject to achieve positive control of normally involuntary muscle action.

Q. Are there any side effects to the Chartham Method?

A. Yes. Use of the Chartham Method invariably results in a stronger and firmer erection and the great majority of users report that they are able to hold an erection for longer periods than before taking the course.

Q. Is the Chartham Method suitable for me?

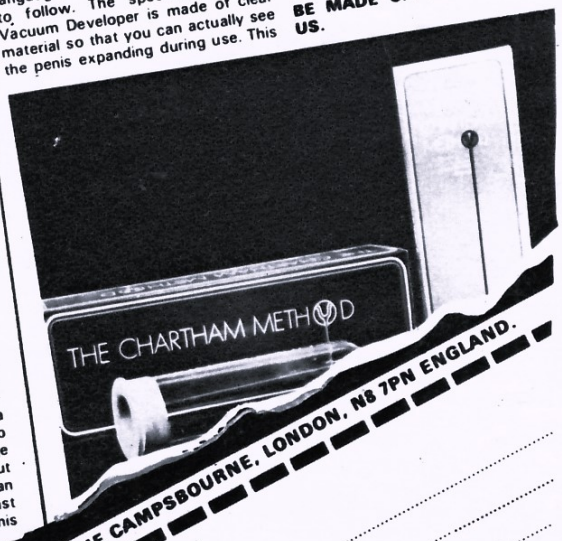
A. Yes, if you are in a reasonable state of health and wish to increase your penis dimensions. No, if you suffer from heart trouble or any condition whereby you cannot safely indulge in moderate exercise.

Q. What is the cost of the Chartham Method?

A. The total price is £12.00 including postage. All orders are dealt with by return post.

The instruction manual is printed in English, German, Italian and French.

IF NO RESULTS ARE ACHIEVED AFTER CARRYING OUT THE CHARTHAM METHOD AS DIRECTED A FULL REFUND WIL BE MADE ON ITS RETURN T US.



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ULTRANORM LTD., DEPT. 10C 5 THE CAMPSBOURNE, LONDON, N8 7PN ENGLAND.

Please send me, by return, the complete Chartham Method
I enclose £12.00, which is the total cost, including postage.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

10C

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY
If you do not wish to cut this page, you may send your order on plain paper.

slipped my panties off and got on to the bed with him. I lay back, spread my legs, pulled my labia apart and told him exactly what he was going to do to me, and what I was going to do to him.

"Kneel over me, James, so that you can suck and kiss and lick and taste my cunt, and so that your lovely big cock is just over my mouth. While you bury your face in my wet cunt, I'm going to put the tip of your cock in between my soft lips and cover it with my saliva. Then I'm going to suck you into my warm, wet mouth. And when you're really excited, I'm going to take you out of my mouth and jerk you off while I say everything dirty that you can think of. And eventually you're going to spurt your come all over my face in a beautiful, sexy, hot, wonderful orgasm."

He didn't need any encouragement and, although he was no expert, he was at least enjoying what he was doing. I kept my promise, and took his cock – now throbbing with its own pulsating life – into my mouth and sucked him hard and long. I moved my cunt against his mouth, covering him with the copious, slippery, pussy juice that was exuding from my cunt in what seemed like a never ending supply.

We continued for what seemed like about 20 minutes, and I realised that it was now or never. If I let him go on much longer, he might start to forget what he was enjoying doing and start to worry about whether or not he was going to ejaculate.

I took him out of my mouth and started jerking him off, slowly at first, sensuously, squeezing gently, pulling his foreskin right down, then back up again. And I began to talk dirty. "I love your tongue up my cunt, James. My cunt loves you licking and sucking it. I'm jerking you off now and it's making me feel very wet.

It was working. I could feel that strange feeling that you get from a man's cock just before he ejaculates. Not so much a movement, more of a sort of anticipation. It's hard to explain, but any woman worth her salt will know what I mean. I moved my hand faster and reached up with my other hand and pushed my middle finger right up his virgin arse. He groaned and writhed and then suddenly his cock started pumping in my hand and I felt his come spurting all over my face. I continued jerking him off until every last spasm had passed, and then he fell over on to his side.

"Over the next few weeks we repeated our initial success every day. James got better at eating me out and by the end of three weeks was pretty good. I taught him how to suck me to orgasm, and how to masturbate me."

"Thank God," he said, reaching out and touching my cheek. "Thank God. And thank you." It was a great feeling. I felt as near to humility as I'm ever likely to get, and not a little proud with it, too, if that doesn't sound too strange a mixture.

Dr. Greenwood had been so specific about the fact that we shouldn't expect too much the first day, and we'd worked it. James was ecstatic. He went on and on, describing how it felt, revelling in his new-found ability. I just cuddled him and listened, reassuring him that we would repeat the process over and over again until we reached the final stage; that of ejaculating inside me. I didn't think that was going to be a problem.

James had overcome the major part of his particular struggle that morning. He wasn't one of the case histories I'd read on the subject who had different reasons for their inability to ejaculate, who thought women were dirty, thought that a pussy was some sort of sexual trash can, a place never to be entered by a penis. James liked pussy. Mine was sore to prove the point!

Over the next few weeks we repeated our initial success every day. James got better at eating me out and by the end of three weeks was pretty good. We varied the process from time to time, and added a few variations of our own. I taught him how to suck me to orgasm, and how to masturbate me. At other times I'd jerk him off while I told him dirty fantasy stories, then I'd let him do the same to me afterwards.

I think the thing he liked most was to repeat his first ejaculatory experience, in exactly that position and always ending with my finger in his arse. I didn't see anything strange in that. I don't think he had any kind of anal fixation or any covert homosexual tendencies. It was simply a new, exciting, sexual sensation. Why knock it?

I guess the end of any period of treatment, inevitably, is the best part, for both patient and surrogate. The clinic, like any other, had its occasional failures, but the percentage, happily, was surprisingly low. Sometimes patients who appeared cured of whatever sexual dysfunction had caused them to come to us for treatment, had relapses. A few we couldn't help at all. But the vast majority went away and took up fulfilled, happy sexual relationships, sometimes for the first time in their lives. Time was to show that James was one of these.

It's touching that patients seldom forget us, and over the years I've gotten used to the letters that drop into my mailbox from past patients. Nothing remarkable. Just plain, ordinary, down-to-earth letters about plain, ordinary, down-to-earth lives. But that's why they're writing. They're so happy just being able to be ordinary, after the misery that brought them to us in the first place.

When we got the go-ahead for James and me to fuck properly for the first time, we both knew that it was the beginning of the end of our relationship. We had grown attached to each other. I'd seen him develop from a gentle, but unhappy, man into a man who enjoyed his sex, albeit restricted to manual and oral sex, with a *joie de vivre* that would put many of his sexual peers to shame. But at least I promised myself that he would leave me with total confidence in his sexual abilities.

When it happened it was a joy for both of us. He went down on me as a prelude, but not in any way as a necessity. Then he fucked me with hard, long, firm strokes. I whispered obscenities into his ear at first, but he gently kissed me into quietness, explaining that while he enjoyed the process, this time he wanted to show me that he could come by himself.

"Talk dirty to me later, love," he whispered back. "This time I'm going to come into you from the quite sufficient turn-on that I *am* actually fucking you. This for me is the ultimate moment. And I'll never forget that it was all because of you."

At which he increased his momentum, moving against my thighs with mounting passion, until he came with strong spurts that I could feel inside my pussy. I hugged him to me and kissed him eagerly.

"Congratulations, James. That'll be the first of many that we'll enjoy. But it will always be the best. And thank you."

We fucked three more times that day, each time with genuine passion on both sides, each time with love and with total enjoyment.

After two more weeks I was practically exhausted and Dr. Greenwood pronounced James cured. Ejaculatory incompetence he did not have. Confidence he did. Nowadays he's just a happy letter that arrives once every two or three months. And a very happy memory. MF

Kittens visiting massage

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When you are in London, staying at the best hotels, or maybe a flat or house, you will expect the visiting masseuse to be a little special.

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The Hard On Sell

continued from page 56

School books were abandoned across the room. Wearing cami-slips, one of the girls is putting a rich, shiny lipstick on the pouting lips of the other. The tag-line runs . . . *share in your luck.*

One well-known television girdle advert aimed at the middle-aged woman uses the cultural fantasy of a young girl watching the older woman dress.

The bisexual approach tends to be found in women's magazines. In one expensive glossy I saw an advert for some sexy, wedge-heeled sandals named 'Rosalie' and 'Ramette.' In the full page photograph, two girls are seated, wearing tight white jeans that well display their buttocks which are facing us. One girl, beautifully butch, carefully punishes her friend by painfully twisting her long and feminine hair. The sadistic fantasy is all the more arousing as the first girl has a very short 'shingle' hairstyle and slightly hirsute arms.

On television the majority of adverts that aim to sexually arouse women seem to be chiefly the perfume, deodorant and make-up ones. These adverts foster a romantic eroticism, where the female is submissive, yet mysterious; a victim, yet capable of independent choice. Shape and colour are extraordinarily important in encouraging unconscious sexual kicks.

One famous deodorant that is *sure* to spring to mind, contains a mascho image of a tick cut out of some ravishing model's back. Every Freudian interpretation is there. The victim (she is dressed as a primitive), the sex act (she climbs and mounts), she is excited (she sweats profusely), she is cool (the essence of the product). At the end of the adventure into the jungle, she isn't the only one sizzling, I can tell you.

Phallic symbolism is everywhere in advertising. Nothing could be more obvious as to see a well-lipsticked lady opening her mouth in an 'O' shape, unpeeling the wrapper and taking a deep bite into soft, crumbling chocolate. It isn't only flaky bars that invite oral pleasure. Cigarettes, drinks and food usually make this appeal. In one advert, aimed at selling a 'light sparkling wine of France,' a close-up of an uncorked bottle neck is shown with the copy line: *It's trying just as hard to get out as you are to get in.*

A surprising amount of research has been carried out to discover what 'triggers' can be placed within adverts to induce a sexual release and therefore a pleasurable association with the product. Advertising is big business, even in these hard times. In 1970 £73·8 million was spent on advertising in this country. The money spent on advertising individual campaigns is phenomenal. In August 1970 'Playtex' spent exactly £1,000,000 on promoting a product, and in the previous June 'Lyons Maid' spent the equivalent amount. Television rates are high, too. London Weekend Television charges a princely £2,400 (figures October 1970 LWT) for a 45 seconds advert on a Saturday during peak viewing time. The agencies themselves spend considerable amounts of money, and since these quoted figures are more than five years old the fiscal amounts are bound to have rocketed. For instance, J. Walter Thompson spent some £22 million in 1969 and Masius Wynne-Williams spent in excess of £18 million.

Studies have provided the agencies with all sorts of information. We know, for instance, that packets are designed to prove attractive to the housewife on the supermarket shelf. So a colour and a shape is specifically structured to turn her on. Psychologists are hired to explore all such possibilities. In one famous study quoted by Vance Packard, researchers looked into women's menstrual cycles and the emotional states which go with each stage of the cycle, to learn how advertising appeals could be effectively pitched to women at various stages of their cycle.

Other adverts lend themselves to the fantasies of both men and women. Transvestism has been a popular idiom since the highly successful shirt campaign which showed a model wearing a man's shirt (and little else) to the punch line: *It looks even better on a man.*

Adverts that hint at lovemaking are too numerous to describe. One rather beautiful advertisement shows an array of silky, lustrous underwear draped from room to room, and sells the product of a well-known chain store. The essentially bedroomy atmosphere, enticing, with the heavy sense of allure, features a scene that this magazine would be proud of. The copyline informs its readers to *take off everything else . . .* Which leaves me with the impression that even a store known for its family image has not escaped the world of the hard-on sell.

Having said all that you would think that the evidence concerning the sexual treatment of advertisements was all but conclusive. Those former colleagues of mine have shuddered at the thought of such a suggestion. In fact, since writing this article invitations to see them could hardly be described as generous.

Having exchanged my lifestyle for one that consists of a more than scholarly interest in most matters sexual, a dire prospect now faces me. It seems that the curse is so all-powerful that I am unlikely now to live in a house shaped like a giant-sized tin of paint, have my tea made for me by smartly attired monkeys and enjoy the dubious pleasure of discovering a man, who professes to be my bank manager, living rent free in my bedroom wardrobe.

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by Rod Carroll
with photograph by Eric Howard

Her star Virginia limns by
name
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Earnest, prim and questing facts
An impish sexual almanack
Breach of promise deemed too
literal
Stretch your point to span the
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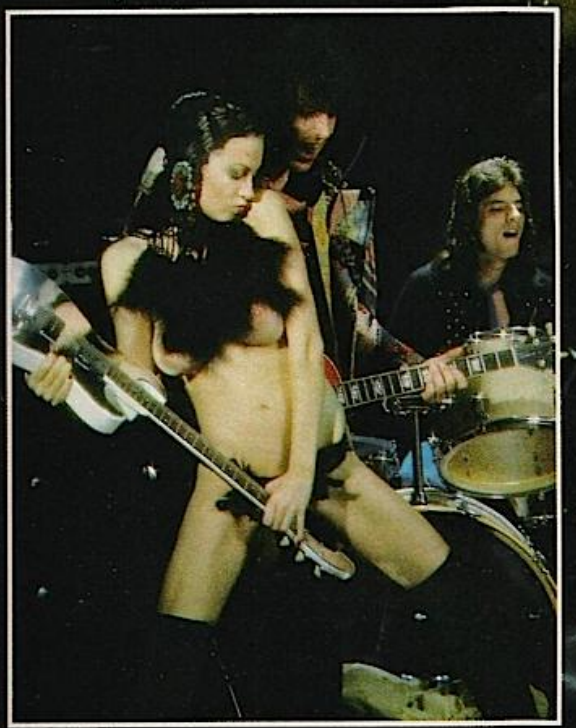
ROCKS OFF

Photographs by Fred Enke



Remember the swinging 60s? Who can forget those days – the hair-styles, the clothes, the groups. In the 60s we went a few stages farther. But how far can we go? We reckon no farther than *Rocks Off*, the new band that will knock all others into a cocked hat for originality. So who needs Punk Rock to get their rocks off when we've got the real thing here?

Mick Jagger, the greatest sex symbol on the rock scene, with his labia looking lips and his muscular body resembling a juicy cock, will be shoved right into the background as this new group emerge.

The lead singer believes in entertaining, and what better way of entertaining an audience than by playing to them, singing to them and stripping off in front of them. The lights on the stage are hot and the humidity is oppressive, so why keep your clothes on if you're boiling over? Those are the views of the group.

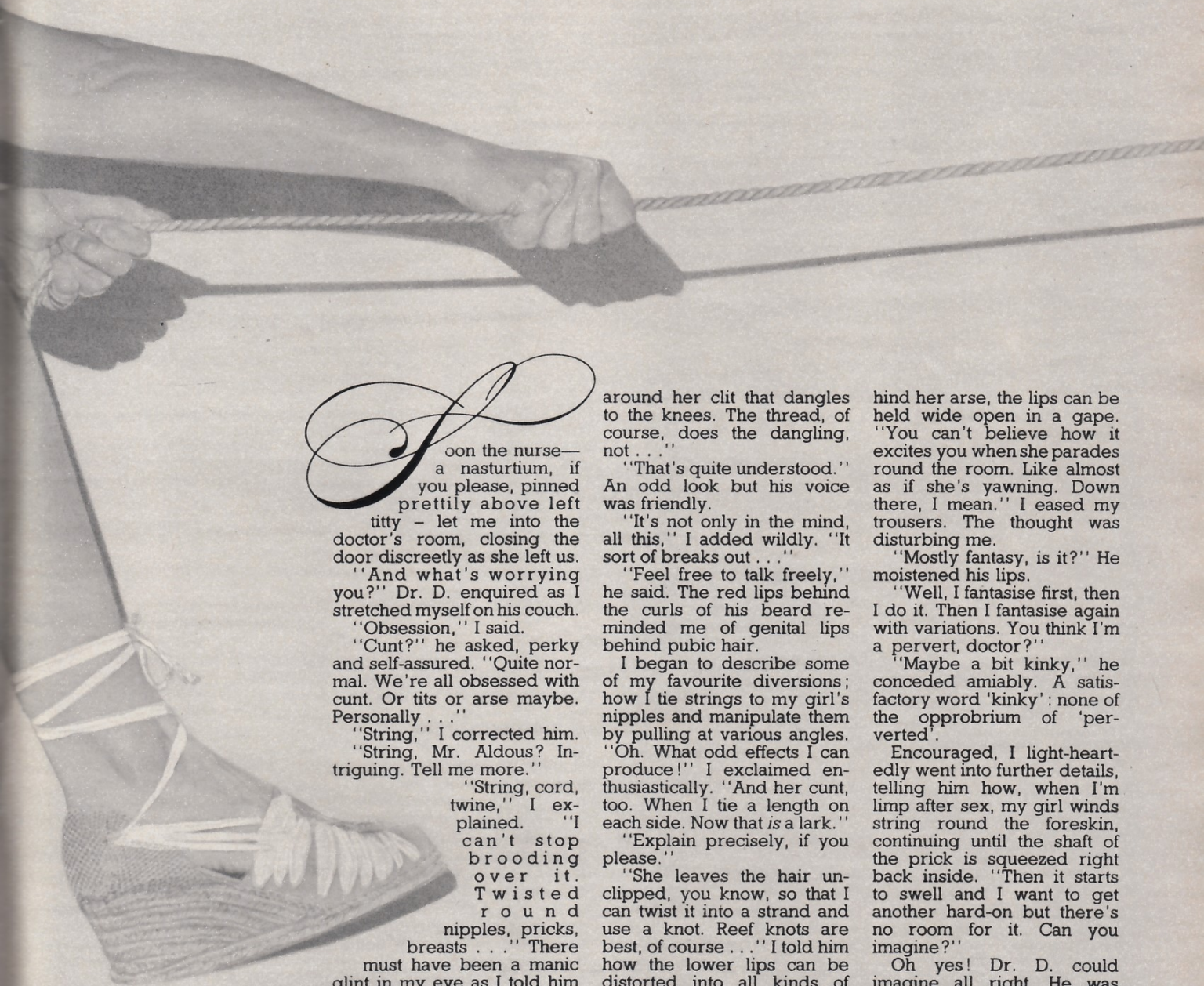
Rock music is a turn-on in itself and the bigger and better the groups, the bigger the turn-on. But when you're on stage the turn-on can be even stronger, as Janice, the curvy singer experiences. A drumstick or two gives satisfaction for a while and when that wears off there are always the guitars which, strategically placed, can produce notes from Janice that she previously thought she couldn't reach. Singing can be a physical and musical crescendo all rolled into one. Ever wondered how the singers reach their high notes? Have a look at where their hands are next time.

The kids love it. They come out thinking music is love and music is having a ball and losing all inhibitions. But the most important thing the group want to transmit to their fans is that music is definitely getting your rocks off. Right on! MG

Stringalongaflax

by Michael Aldous *with drawing by Celestino Valenti*

He had this extraordinary urge to play all sorts of different games with string. A knotty problem—definitely one for a therapist, and sometimes therapists can take a dim view of unusual interests. This one was different, however, and offered radical treatment.



Soon the nurse—a nasturtium, if you please, pinned prettily above left titty – let me into the doctor's room, closing the door discreetly as she left us.

"And what's worrying you?" Dr. D. enquired as I stretched myself on his couch.

"Obsession," I said.

"Cunt?" he asked, perky and self-assured. "Quite normal. We're all obsessed with cunt. Or tits or arse maybe. Personally . . ."

"String," I corrected him.

"String, Mr. Aldous? Intriguing. Tell me more."

"String, cord, twine," I explained. "I can't stop brooding over it. Twisted round nipples, pricks, breasts . . ." There must have been a manic glint in my eye as I told him how I can't look at a man without visualising a string tied round his cock. "And with women it's a silky thread around her clit that dangles to the knees. The thread, of course, does the dangling, not . . ."

"That's quite understood." An odd look but his voice was friendly.

"It's not only in the mind, all this," I added wildly. "It sort of breaks out . . ."

"Feel free to talk freely," he said. The red lips behind the curls of his beard reminded me of genital lips behind pubic hair.

I began to describe some of my favourite diversions; how I tie strings to my girl's nipples and manipulate them by pulling at various angles. "Oh. What odd effects I can produce!" I exclaimed enthusiastically. "And her cunt, too. When I tie a length on each side. Now that *is* a lark."

"Explain precisely, if you please."

"She leaves the hair unclipped, you know, so that I can twist it into a strand and use a knot. Reef knots are best, of course . . ." I told him how the lower lips can be distorted into all kinds of amusing expressions by gently tugging on the strings attached to them and how, by tying those strings back behind her arse, the lips can be held wide open in a gape. "You can't believe how it excites you when she parades round the room. Like almost as if she's yawning. Down there, I mean." I eased my trousers. The thought was disturbing me.

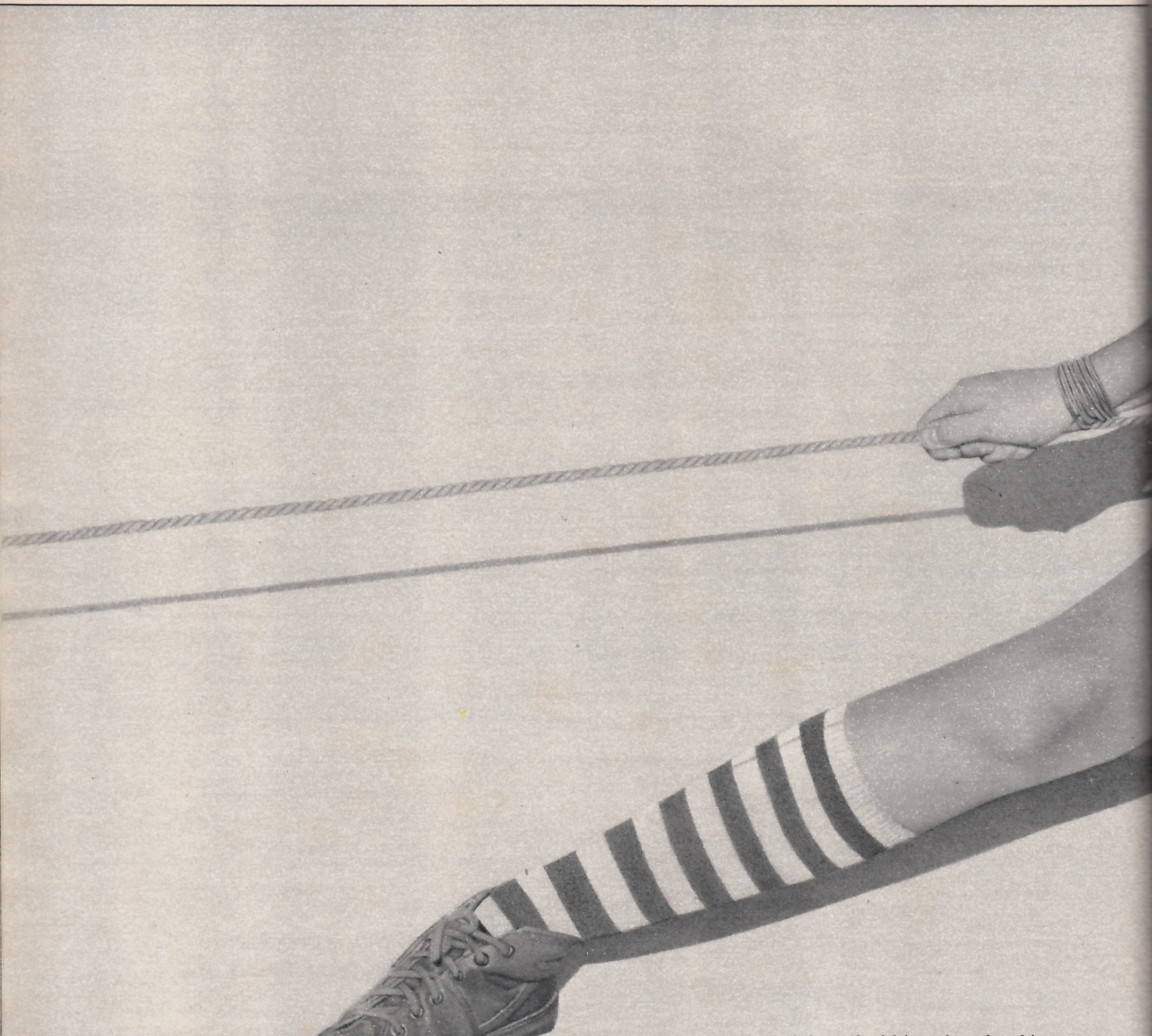
"Mostly fantasy, is it?" He moistened his lips.

"Well, I fantasise first, then I do it. Then I fantasise again with variations. You think I'm a pervert, doctor?"

"Maybe a bit kinky," he conceded amiably. A satisfactory word 'kinky': none of the opprobrium of 'perverted'.

Encouraged, I light-heartedly went into further details, telling him how, when I'm limp after sex, my girl winds string round the foreskin, continuing until the shaft of the prick is squeezed right back inside. "Then it starts to swell and I want to get another hard-on but there's no room for it. Can you imagine?"

Oh yes! Dr. D. could imagine all right. He was standing over me with bulging flies. "Don't think me unethical," he said. "But it might help if we had the



nurse in on this." He opened the door to call her from the anteroom. "And bring string," he added. "There's a ball in the desk. And scissors."

"This is Gail," he introduced me. "She helps with occupational therapy . . . and other things."

"An ounce of practice," I commented. "It's worth . . ."

Judging by the hint of condescension in Gail's smile, she regarded me as just another nut patient. You wait, I told myself. Her nasturtium was red gold, the colour of the hair which swept in waves about her shoulders, hair which, as I was soon to see, itself matched nicely with the bush between her legs. For the next hour both doctor and nurse devoted their ingenious talents to working through my little problem. The elegant Gail, slipping out of her uniform, lost all signs of inhibition; similarly, as soon as Dr. D. had dropped down his trousers, he abandoned any pretence at propriety. Pulling off his black leather mini-briefs, he caught my glance and grinned lasciviously: "Sexy, aren't they! Got them mail order from one of those ads."

Initially I took the lead but after a few moments the doctor was eagerly helping with the string, a good thick twine, which we pulled back and forth against the pliancy of Gail's breasts, forcing them into all manner of bizarre shapes. Round her back it went, then tightly under the left tit pressing it up. Round the shoulder and back over the right nipple. But the bud-like protrusion obstinately thrust free, so we looped the string about it before crossing to the left again. In the end she looked as though she had been bound by some monstrous spider with a fetishistic interest in human mammaries. When at last we released her, both breasts were marked with criss-cross indentations where the string had bitten into the skin.

"String," I was babbling happily. "Beautiful string. See what can be done with it."

Next we cut off a length and made a halter for Dr. D., with the string looped round his neck and the ends knotted below the glans. His penis, thick as the end of a ship's hawser, was strongly pigmented but, despite his erection, its length could only have been five inches. We urged him to crawl around, the better to display the motion of his arrogant little buttocks. Gail began humming *Tie a Yellow Ribbon* . . . as we twisted a few yards of twine round the doctor's head, tugging it deep back between his teeth whenever

it crossed his mouth. He bit at it and gagged but was unable to dislodge it.

"The chief defect of Henry King was chewing little bits of string," I quoted merrily. "You read Belloc by any chance?"

"'uck 'elloc!" he expostulated, unable to articulate.

Gail laughed and began shamelessly to excite herself by drawing a length of cord back and forth through her golden pubic fleece.

After we'd let him go, Dr. D. decided to try out a bondage technique that had 'just come into his head'. With Gail's assistance, he placed me on my back, bent up my legs and, holding my arms beneath them, secured my thumbs firmly to my balls, twisting the string tightly around them so that I was defencelessly exposed and unable to move.

The two of them stood over me relishing the sight of my bonds. "What satisfying economy," the doctor was saying. "12 inches of string and he's trussed like an oven-ready turkey." Gail disdainfully drew her toe up the cleft in my buttocks which were held open by my enforced posture. Seeing my involuntary contraction, she substituted a clinically experienced finger.

Later, when Gail bent to release me, she saw to it that her bottom was pressed against my face. I was overjoyed at the way the session was developing. String was everywhere.

"My kink seems catching," I said delightedly.

"But we've been connoisseurs for years," the doctor grinned. "Dedicated connoisseurs: collectors of kinks."

"Kinks of *all* varieties," Gail added. She repositioned herself and farted, the orifice vibrating inches from my astonished eyes.

"What a blast!" Dr. D. commented admiringly. "Like a bloody trombone. But she's taking liberties. Don't let her get away with it."

So we made her kneel on all fours, her opulent breasts hanging freely away from her body. This enabled us to spiral the string around their base and, as we continued to wind it, the two pendant forms were gradually squeezed into spheres. By the time we were done, her tits looked like grotesque mushrooms.

But the doctor and I had not finished. We made a harness for her with the string encircling her waist before passing down between her legs and up through her rear cheeks to end once more at the back of the waist. This gave Dr. D. a happy idea. He produced a cylindrical torch, the one he used for peering down his patients' throats or up their arseholes. ("Two extremities of the same long tube," as he cheerfully re-

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marked.) Lubricating it from a jar in his drawer, he forced the torch into and up Gail's backside. Then, taking advantage of the ring fitted to the screw-cap at the end, he threaded the cord through, thus holding it securely within her. She walked around savouring the sensation of the anal plug.

I was impressed. "Ooh . . . didn't it slip in easily!"

"It's spite." Gail pouted in mock petulance. "He uses my arse because I won't go down on him. And he knows I can't open wide enough for that. Last time I tried my jaw got dislocated."

"A mild sprain," the doctor laughed. "*And* she tried to claim for injury incurred at work."

Gail, still contentedly plugged, decided to take the initiative. Accordingly she looped a generous length around Dr. D's. balls, noosing them in a neat clove hitch. Between us we guided him helplessly backwards and forwards across the room.

"We've got him truly by the balls," she gloated.

"A case of two balls to one string," I replied. "Now let's string him high!" My voice was shrill as I threw my end of the cord up and over the mahogany coat-stand. Then I began to pull very hard.

"You're the one who's highly strung." Dr. D. was chuckling at his own wit. "I'd even say you're high on string."

"Aren't we all?" I remarked gaily and pulled a bit more.

"In God's name be careful," he pleaded. "They're the only pair I have."

"Just look at that hard-on," Gail cried happily.

Gail, her breasts still bizarrely bound, was now dripping copiously, leaving honeyed stains on the urine yellow carpet. The doctor and I decided that the only charitable course was to delay no further in fucking her. After all, we had ourselves to consider, too. So we stretched her out on the floor.

"Who's first?" I asked.

"Employer's privilege," Dr. D. grinned. "The 20th century *droit de Seigneur*."

As he penetrated her, I started to fondle the taut globes of her breasts and teasingly fingered the nipples which, hard as ripe abscesses, were seemingly ready to burst. She made animal noises, whining and moaning as she writhed. The torch, still held in place by the harness, had the effect of narrowing her slipway which, while enhancing the doctor's immediate enjoyment, made it difficult for him to contain himself. It wasn't long, therefore, before the purposeful motion of his white buttocks came to a sadly premature end. As judged by their final convulsive heave, he reached orgasm in 90 seconds flat.

Taking his place, I noticed that several layers of string had somehow become wound about the length of my erection. The roughness of this resulted for Gail in an intensity of stimulation that verged on the intolerable.

"Stop. I can't bear it," she whimpered.

Obligingly, I paused in my rhythm.

"No. Don't stop. Harder. Much harder."

The partial shielding of the penial nerve endings provided by the string was delaying my climax until I thought I could fuck forever, finding eternity in endless sexual bliss.

However, the moment eventually came for coming and so, of course, I came. The constriction about the cock resulted in a sensation of such electric sharpness that it almost blew my mind.

"Think you'll be able to cure me?" I asked at last.

"You can't *want* to be cured?" Dr. D. asked incredulously. Then: "Well, if your fantasies trouble you, you must continue to act them out. Nothing wrong with a little healthy sado-masochism."

"Wonderful," I replied, gratefully. "Then let me show you something else." There was still a string attached beneath Dr. D's glans and another knotted firmly to a tuft of Gail's bush. Accordingly, I threaded the ends through the keyhole of the door leading into the office outside. Gently, but insistently, I pulled on the cords until both the doctor and Gail were pinioned with their genitals pressed against the narrow aperture of the keyhole. Then I fastened the ends to a table-leg far beyond their reach.

Slipping on shirt and pants, I left them incapable of movement with cock and cunt respectively held by the inexorable grip of the string. The chance to leave them in so embarrassing a predicament was irresistible.

Outside in the waiting-room was an elderly spinster.

"What a *time* I've been here," she complained sourly.

"Why don't you go right on through?" I suggested. "Dr. D's inside. I'm sure he's ready to see you now." MG

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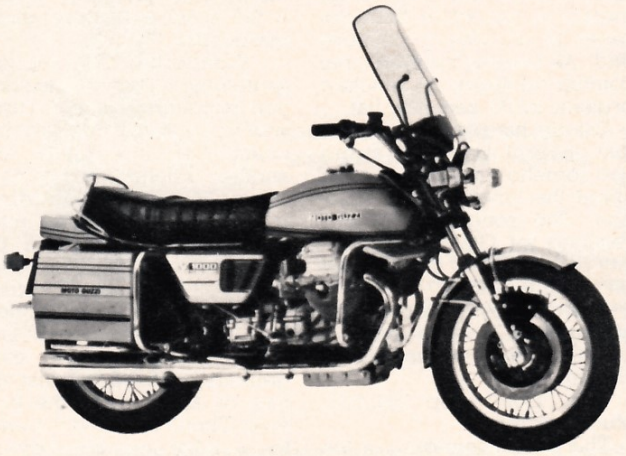

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continued from page 42

back. Slim fingers open my arse cheeks up – a totally new sensation as she pushes her nipple inside me, sliding it between the cheeks.

Then almost sitting on my back, sliding along so her cunt lips are each side of my spine, making a delightful squelchy sound. We seem, the three of us, to be melting together into one warm, loving flesh.

Suzy: Rachel is sliding down my body until she is opening me up. Sliding her tongue along my lips, sucking my clit into her mouth. And at my side is Lorraine, rubbing her breasts against mine, so we are nipple on nipple.

For some minutes the tape is filled with non-vocal sounds, we get the mike so close that the lead gets wet and slippy with love juices. The tape runs out.

We send the tape to Joe and he loves it. Not that all tapes turn out that idyllic, though. There's one we keep just because it brings back a very funny evening last winter. For years I've had this fantasy about making it with a very fat man. Then I got a real crush on this obese wrestler who just squashes his opponents into submission. Joe took me to one of his fights and arranged for us to go backstage.

We take him to supper, then back home. I explain about the tape and yes, it's okay with him. I'm busy wondering about what kind of opening moves to make when this guy takes over. He is 30 stone, so there's not much we can do except go along. First he strips off and orders us to do the same. Mountains of pinky white flesh, no body hair, a completely bald head. He sits on one of the dining chairs. He grabs hold of me in some kind of wrestling hold, lifts me high in the air and impales me on his cock. Our wrestler motions for Joe to climb on top of me. So there we are, one vast connected sandwich. The noises on the tape consist of what sound like traffic directions, a few thuds as we keep falling off. Some giggles turn to yelps as the wrestler reaches round and puts a hold on Joe so he doesn't fall off.

Then our new friend starts to give voice, a series of cries that resemble a cross between a crowing cock and a tom cat. And at the critical moment there are sounds of splintering wood as the poor old chair gives up the fight and ends up as a pile of firewood. There are shouts of anger that soon turn into hysterical laughter.

Sex talk isn't restricted to the bedroom. Joe can get me turned on in the pub just by leaning over and saying 'Let's go home and fuck'. Sometimes we talk loud enough for other people to hear. Passengers on tube trains brighten up visibly when they hear Joe saying 'When we get home I'm going to fuck you, like you've never been fucked before, until you're all juiced out, begging for me to stop'.

Of course, sex talk doesn't please everyone. I used to get anonymous obscene phone calls from a pretty imaginative guy. I really used to enjoy the way this guy would describe how he was jacking off. Then I made my big mistake. I talked back to him. He was horrified, called me a dirty whore and hung up. Since then he's never called me again.

The sounds of sex aren't just the noises you make yourself. Music is very important. Some couples claim it's much easier to have a simultaneous orgasm if you do it to music. Ravel's Bolero is the piece of music that seems to get the most votes. Myself, I get instant turn-on from listening to Barry White records. I seem to hear them with my cunt. I don't know whether it's the throbbing rhythms or his dark, dark voice, but it's so bad (or good) that I can't listen to them standing up – which is inconvenient if I'm caught unawares in a record store.

Since I've been with Joe, I've learnt how important sound is. I've gotten so much sexual confidence from listening to my lover, telling me how good he feels when we're making love, how much he wants me. Nothing excites me more than hearing him scream and shout when he comes, I need to feel him wild and abandoned. Getting over my own inhibitions, forgetting about the neighbours, being able to make all the sound I want is a vital part of good loving.

Making love without talking is a lonely, half-experience, so please – don't just lie there, say something. **MF**

continued from page 39

rider wanting a machine for just that. Either way, the bike can be demanding. Deceptively quick on the open road, it demands concentration. Undoubtedly, the 140 mph Jota can be classed as a status-cum-ego symbol.

For those wary of taking the plunge, let's finish up by saying that the Jota retains some of the best brakes around, twin hydraulic caliper Brembos on the front and single on the rear. The Italians settle for plain cast discs which, unlike the Jap units – flash chromed for appearances sake – work superbly in both dry and wet conditions.

Following the tremendous sales of the CB750 four cylinder 750cc Honda, the company launched a new flagship in the GL1000 Gold Wing during the summer of 1975. A liquid cooled flat four displacing 1,000cc, the Gold Wing has its five-speed gearbox underneath the engine and a shaft drive final transmission. Again, there are double disc brakes fitted to the front wheel and a drum on the rear, plus a load of safety features peculiar to the GL. The electrics are largely housed in a dummy fuel tank mounted in the orthodox position, while the actual fuel tank holding about four gallons resides under the dual-seat – well away from the source of electrical spark in the event of mishap.

Acceleration is staggering and 100 mph cruising a practicality with the big Honda, except that fuel consumption can then fall to a lowly 22-25 mpg which also restricts touring range between fuel stops.

Without restraint over the throttle hand, rear tyre wear can be excessive, but for the man who wants serious holiday touring with smooth power in abundance for carrying a passenger and gear, the £1,995 Gold Wing warrants consideration. A versatile machine in that it has the capacity to trickle along at low speed in high gears, the Wing will not be such a handful for commuting in traffic either.

Desmodromic may be a new word to some readers, but to dyed-in-the-wool enthusiasts used to Ducati racing parlance it comes as no surprise. For desmodromic read 'mechanically operated', for the valves on the 90 degree vee twin 900cc Ducati Desmo are both opened and closed mechanically by bevel gear driven camshafts allowing the engine freedom from restrictions caused by binding valve springs and 'bounce'.

Italy's racing prowess is legend, and during the 50s and early 60s, Ducati owed a lot and still do to the work of designers like Fabio Taglioni – a man who still graces Franco Farne's Ducati racing workshop in Bologna. We undoubtedly owe a lot to the British company Coburn and Hughes for the recent tremendous influx to Britain of Italian machines, especially this gem from Ducati.

Basically a machine for the loner, the Ducati's small racing seat and the absence of rear pillion footrests obviates all possibility of riding with a passenger, but to coin someone else's phrase, 'to ride one is to buy one.' Vibration free, and with a power band starting around the lowly 2,000 rpm mark to a maximum around 8,250, the big 'Duke' is built for speed on the open road, blue skies and all that, but even so it will to some degree bend a little for town work. You can buy classical Italian motor cycle art for £2,200.

American ideas and our own rarely tally, yet with the Harley Davidson CR1000 Cafe Racer, the factory have probably come nearest to appeasing British taste in sporting motor cycles. Almost begrudgingly one scribe referred to the CR1000 as the 'fastest piece of agricultural machinery around' – yet this somehow puts it in a nutshell. As Henry Ford said: 'Yer kin have any colour y'like, providin' it's black,' so Harley Davidson have run a parallel – it's all black. A 45 degree vee-twin with a 9 : 1 compression ratio, the big Harley knocks out a surprisingly lowly 61 bhp at 6,200 rpm. The engine, like most Harley vees, is so torquey, it can be an embarrassment. The take-off from lights and other stops is staggering and the bike is well capable of around the 120 mph mark. Brakes are again double disc and single disc at the rear, all hydraulically operated, but in fairness are not as efficient as Italian and Japanese counterparts.

Oil consumption was found to be heavy on the CR with around 200 miles to the pint being recorded, but fuel works out usually over 50 mpg. Handling is firm as you would again expect from a solo rider only sporting machine.

The riding position is one of the most comfortable around – slightly leaning forward, but with so much torque available, the CR1000 is not a difficult bike to control in traffic. Compared to the Ducati, the Harley looks a shade highly priced at £2,482, but there's a whole load of charisma attached to the marque.

Taking a leaf out of Harley's other book, so to speak, the Italian Moto Guzzi concern went American in design, copying the Harley Electra Glide approach with high 'n' wide bars and footboards, as opposed to rests, to emerge with the 850cc California. The configuration is slightly different, and, if anything, must be more sophisticated than the American product. The Moto Guzzi 90 degree vee-twin engine is set transversely across the frame with a five-speed gearbox behind and shaft drive running back to the rear crownwheel and pinion all enclosed at the rear wheel.

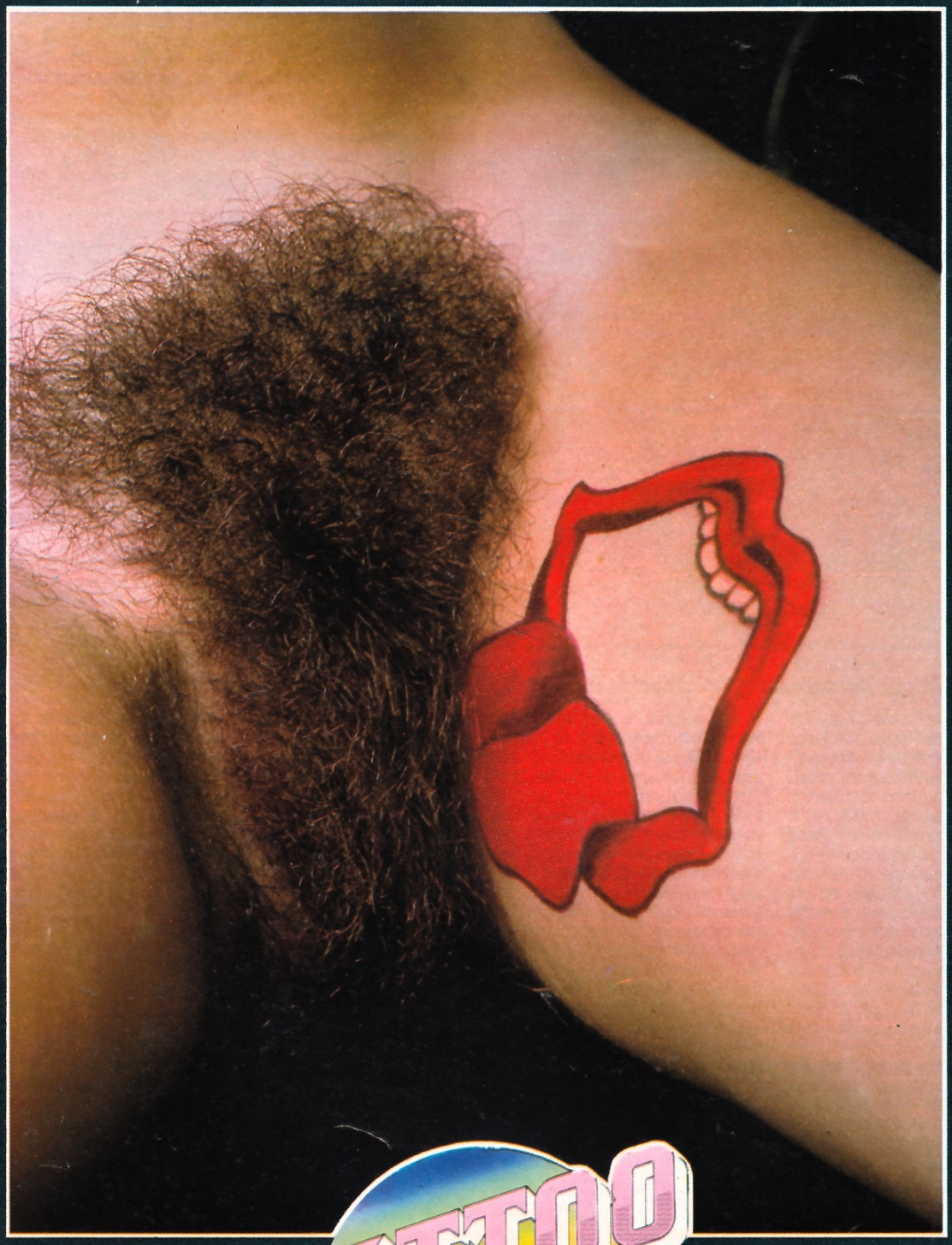
It doesn't take long to discover that the engine/gearbox unit was originally designed for a lightweight personnel carrier with the Italian army and later developed for motor cycling.

Moto Guzzi have a tremendous safety feature in their linked braking system which means that the left hand of the two front hydraulic discs is operated from the normal rear brake pedal. So, in addition to the rear brake, the one front disc comes into play as well, and as most braking on a motor cycle is done through the front wheel an hydraulic reduction valve ensures the braking load is distributed on a 75/25 per cent basis.

The front brake lever on the handlebar operates the right hand front disc. The system is first rate and makes the California and its more standard counterpart, the 850T3, a pair of the safest high speed tourers around. Good solid motor cycling for £1,889.

These are a fair cross section of current machines available at present and to some it will appear alien that in a country choked by restrictive speed limits and prohibitive fuel prices – not to mention escalating insurance and road tax, people should become so involved and preoccupied with large capacity, superfast, fuel gobbling two-wheeled projectiles. Yet there is some intangible quality in motor cycling. Being as one with a powerful machine is a joy few can really understand. There's undeniable skills involved – of fine balance and a keen eye in reaching the upper limits of each machine's performance – and the sense of achievement thereby gained has no equal. Certainly, it's egotistical, but after a galling day at work, what better than a satisfied ego? What better than a chance to ride to far distant places enjoying the fresh air, balmy country atmosphere, with a feeling of unsurpassed power to your right wrist. Superbikes offer all this. MC

Moto Guzzi and Ducati motor cycles supplied by Coburn and Hughes Ltd., 21 Crawley Road, Luton, Beds.



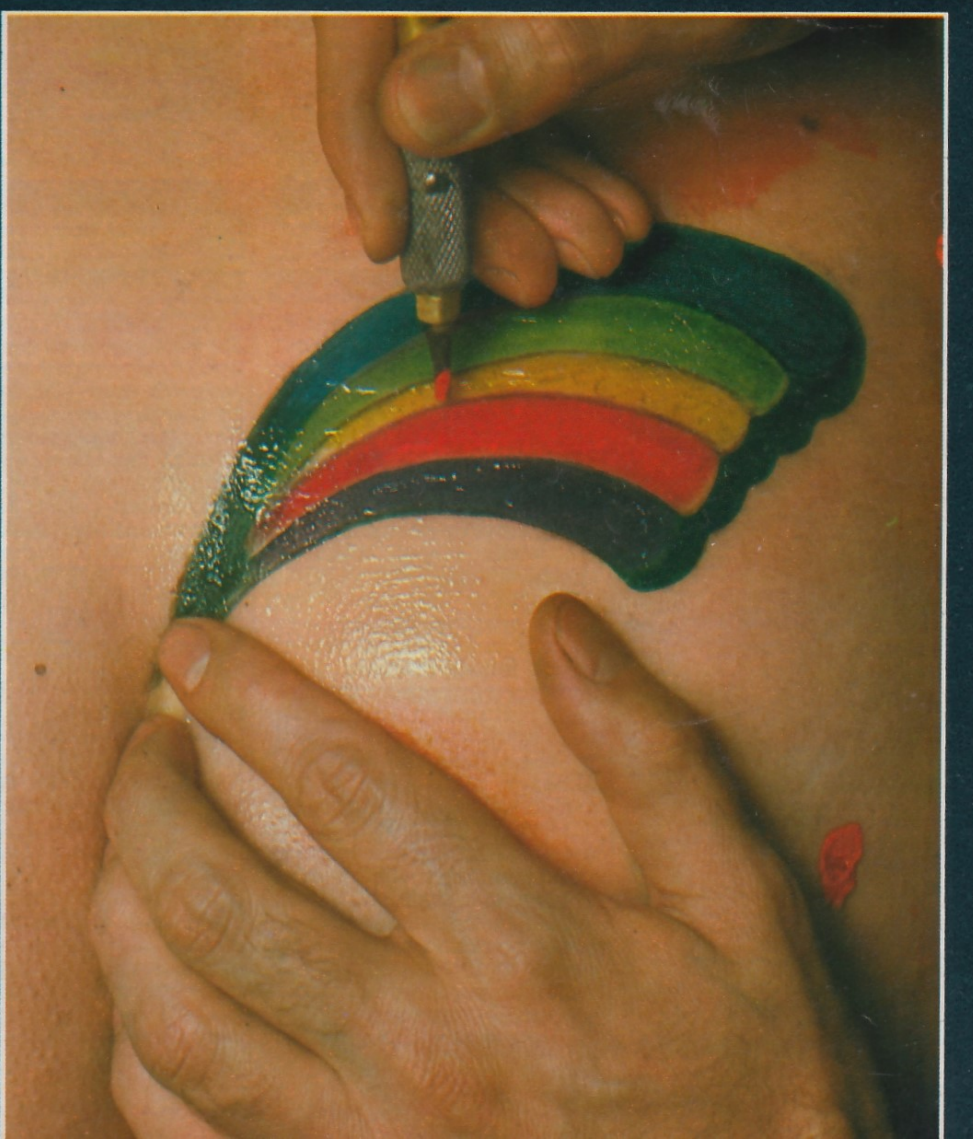
TATTOO MUCH

Photographs by Jay Myrdal

Tattooed ladies were once figures of wonder and amazement, presented, a crawling mass of serpents and stars at fairgrounds the world over. That was too much. Today the tattooed lady remains a figure of wonder, but the tattoos themselves have changed from the crass to the subtle, from the brutal to the delicately erotic. Accomplished swingers in the States have been doing it for a couple of years or so now—a rose on the bottom, a bluebird on the belly, a rainbow round her shoulder. Body decoration – the oldest sexual come-on in the world. But now refined to colour-bursts in private places to be viewed only to the intimate, the privileged. The reds, the whites, the blues and greens all mingle together, creating a new lease of life for dull or tired zones. They come alive with a vengeance—some singing, some dancing, but all of them enjoying. Each night as the sun sets they head for the high spots to catch their awaiting prey.

And how does he react to the serpents round the honeypot, the flash from the perennial divide, the wicked tongue alicking where his will be not long now? A beautiful surprise, of course; a luscious rousing to juicy delights. Maybe he ordered it, specially for her to please him alone. A very private pleasure to see his loved one adorned with such style, such artistry. She got the pubic brush off – not he.

The jewel-bursts of colour are hidden, or at the most peep tantalising above bikini-brief or below the bra-laced-cup. She enjoyed the experience – the needles set up vibrations that rouse the sensual response. She found an expert tattooist to use modern methods, careful hygienic tools, a tattooist with eye for shape and form. His delight in doing it is, of course, another story . . . MJ



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Spanking Plea

Sir: I get the utmost relief from reading your mag each month. I get about 50 good wanks per copy, but I'm fed up with piercing, men having their balls caned and women having their tits whipped. I just don't believe all that nonsense; but if it were boys having their arses caned and whipped, then I *would* believe it, because I have my arse whipped every Saturday night. I've been having this treatment ever since I was a kid, and it started over 50 years ago, when I had my bum caned by a very pretty schoolteacher called Miss Sharp.

I'm living in Germany now, and understand caning isn't done in English schools any more. But it's different here. I have relations in Hamburg, and they tell me there's a school where all the boys, right up to the age of 17, are caned and whipped across their bare arses in front of the whole school, which is coeducational.

To make the punishment more effective and memorable, boys are always beaten by the female teachers; girls by the male teachers. But the girls don't get it across their bare arses – they are allowed to keep their knickers on, although these have to be pulled well up into the crack.

More of this sort of treatment in England would be a good thing from what I hear of hooliganism, vandalism, etc. Please print more stories about boys and girls getting caned and whipped by the opposite sex; this is a topic that really turns me on.

I have to pay the equivalent of 10 quid every week to have my arse tanned. It's expensive, but the woman who does it certainly knows her stuff; and she gets me off afterwards at no extra charge, although I'm not allowed to fuck her. I can play with her tits, however; and they are two beauts!

I especially want to hear about girls getting their *bare* arses chastised. Knickers are nice for some, but the naked bum is my delight. All that piercing rubbish is just made up, I think. What man in his right mind would want to have his cock and balls mucked about like that?

Rolf W.,
Essen, W. Germany.

But what guy in his right mind would pay 10 quid a week to have his arse whipped? As for piercing, we suggest you do a little investigation: rings through the foreskin and the scrotal sac are quite the 'in' thing among cultists and connoisseurs of bizarre eroticism. Spanking is a subject that means all the world to a minority; but it bores the pants off a lot of others. In Men Only *we try to maintain a balance of interests.*

Bligh Turn-on

Sir: The first thing I can remember in my life was the film *Mutiny on the Bounty* – the original version with Charles Laughton as Captain Bligh, and Clark Gable as Fletcher Christian. I can only have been around three years old at the time, so clearly did not understand much of what was going on. However, the flogging and keel-hauling scenes made a very profound impression on me, and ever since, I have been inclined towards sado-masochism, particularly to being the sex-slave of a brutal 'master'.

I read *The Story of O*, and identified 100 per cent with the heroine of that beautiful story. What I'm getting at is that films and books *can* influence a person's life; but I'm not complaining. I have thoroughly enjoyed my 'deviation': most of it being lived out in fantasy. I am happily married to a man who shares my fantasies, and our sex-life could not be better.

I believe fantasy is a wonderful thing provided one accepts that it's wiser to leave much of it where it all begins: *in the mind.* My husband and I take several sex magazines to promote our fantasies, but *Men Only* is head and shoulders above all the rest for variety and sheer quality. There's an awful lot of muck around right now.

Elizabeth J.,
Nantwich, Ches.

As you know, we've always strongly advised our readers about what to expect in other, 'inferior' mags. And 99 per cent of them are more expensive, too!

Hot Passion

Sir: The effect on my sex-life caused by the long hot summer of 1976 was astonishing: I felt randy all the time, and so did my wife. We've been married for over 10 years, and although sexual relations had always been fine, Alice (my wife) had never been keen on anything kinky. You can tell how 'straight' Alice was when I tell you she'd

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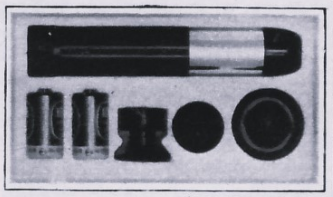

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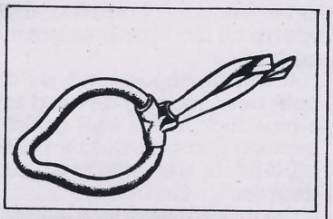

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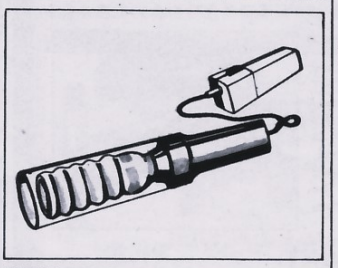

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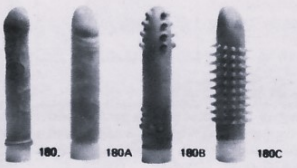

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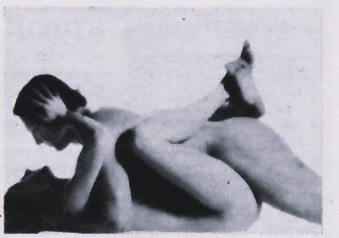

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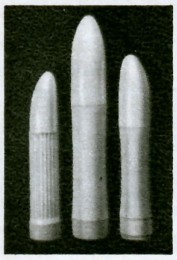

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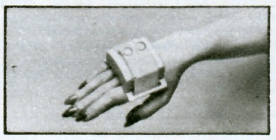

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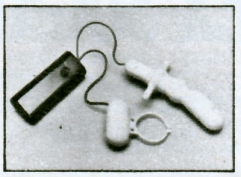

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never ventured to swallow my sperm till the heatwave got at her.

It was in August, and we'd both been looking forward to a nice fuck in the cool of the evening; but it didn't cool off, and it was still over 80 degrees in the bedroom late at night, so we decided to perform in the garden. As the grass had dew on it, I took a large sheet of rubber from the kids' nursery (never used for sex before!) and spread it out. Then Alice and I stripped off and lay on the cool, rustling latex.

I'd never had the least inclination to fool around with rubber, and neither had Alice; but we were both instantly switched on by the sensual properties of the material. My cock got an erection fit to bust, and Alice was streaming from her pussy as never before. We caressed and kissed for a while; then Alice began to suck my prick of her own accord. I'd always had to lead the way before. I was soon close to shooting, and I mentioned this to Alice, not wanting to offend her. Like I said, she'd never wanted to take my come in her mouth before.

But when I told her I was about to come off, she only sucked all the harder; and as I squirted my spunk down her throat she had the best orgasm of her life. It was a revelation to both of us: rubber fun and mouth fucking combined! And the delights have continued and escalated (in the bedroom, though, during the winter months!) and we are now very happily exploring the exquisite sensations of erotic pissing. You need lots of rubber for that!

Leslie B.,
Stafford.

Fantasy Fracas

Sir: My fantasy may not be unique but I find it most stimulating. It takes the form of watching two pretty high-school or college girls having a wrestling match. One girl is blonde; the other very dark – in fact I sometimes have a negress in the part. They are both well made (about 37-23-36) and are evenly matched in height. I vary my fantasy in respect of locale: park, beach, mud-flats, living room, bathroom and toilet, proper wrestling ring – all these get a turn. But the girls are always dressed the same: the blonde in black bra and panties; the dark one in white bra and panties. And they both wear suspender belts and stockings.

Although they start off this way, it isn't long before the garments begin getting ripped off; and they invariably end up nude, for

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part of the contest is to see which one can strip the other quickest.

Generally, the girls aren't mad with each other; it's just a contest to see who's top bitch. Sometimes, though, I fancy an extra degree of turn-on, so I have the aggro for real. This is usually when they're wrestling in mud, which is one of my favourite scenes. I don't use this top turn-on fantasy too often in case it begins to wear thin; I save it for when I've got a huge load of spunk inside me (like when I've deliberately laid off for a few days to get a truly marvellous spunking effect) and am almost beside myself with lust.

I take a bath, pose nude in front of the mirror, then lie on the bed and give myself up to my fantasy. When I come, I'm visualising one of the girls – usually the dark one – half suffocating the other by sitting bare-arsed on her face and grinding the mud into her mouth, nose and eyes. I don't have to tell you, I suspect, that I change places with the vanquished girl just a few seconds before I explode my come.

I've never actually seen girls wrestle, but I have some photos of the German mud-wrestling scene; and I use these all the time to help my fantasies along.

Bert J.,
Northampton.

Going Ape

Sir: With reference to my article, *Tall, Dark And Hairy* (*Men Only* 42:5), a section from the original manuscript is missing from the text. In order to fully appreciate the piece, the following should have been printed before the penultimate paragraph:

'Man and the apes had the same ancestors who lived in the trees of South and East Africa millions of years ago, but our forebears were the weaklings. It was they who were forced on to the plains when climatic changes reduced the vegetation, while the apes kept to the trees. The apes were the stronger; they took the pick of the females. And in King Kong we see this racial memory reborn, as the archetypal proto-ape returns to steal the symbol of perfect womanhood and carry her back to the jungle. Even after millions of years of supremacy, all human achievement is nothing. Kong can take what he wants, whenever he wants it. This is the fear.'

continued on page 94

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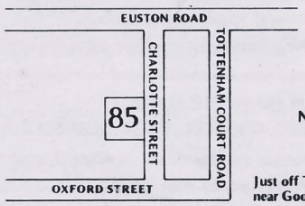

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CHLOE

Photographs by Barry Vincent

Call Chloe up any time day or night to talk about Kris Kristoffersen and she won't let you get off the phone. Just mention the film *A Star is Born* and that will set her off for hours on the subject of the man who turns her on the most. At the last count Chloe had been to see her idol playing alongside Barbra Streisand 14 times and still wanted more.

Out of the millions of girls who fancy that very impressive actor/singer, Chloe must rank as one of the lucky ones. You see she lives in Kristoffersen land – California – and she's studying at drama school. To date Chloe has had two very talented film directors approach her, so you could almost say her acting career is

as good as getting off the ground. But Chloe has one ambition she's determined to achieve, and that's to play alongside KK himself. "Anyone who's ever seen *The Sailor Who Fell From Grace With The Sea* and thought it horny should just wait until I get my hands on Kris in our film together. There'll be no acting in our love scene. I'll just be my normal, very randy self and turn him on so much that he'll want to go over and over that scene. I'll make Sarah Miles and Barbra Streisand look like amateurs before I've finished, and naturally, Kris will fall madly in love with me and we'll be an inseparable screen pair, just like Stewart Grainger and Jean Simmons. Of course, I haven't been offered a rôle in a KK film yet, but I'm expecting the script in soon—or maybe I'll even write it myself."

continued from page 85

Taken out of context, that seems pretty heavy stuff – er, like, man – but everyone can now have the pleasure of re-reading the feature, inserting the missing paragraph in its correct place . . . !

David Almandine,
Sussex.

Mother Love

Sir: My dad always told me that my mother was a bad lot. He divorced her when I was only three, and married another woman who's always been very motherly towards me, even though I've never been able to accept her fully. Naturally, I kept on at dad, asking him to tell me about my real mum, but he'd never go into details. Last month, when I was 18, I visited my first prostitute. She was about 40 and gave me a wonderful time. When we'd finished, she refused to accept my money – yes, I expect you've guessed it, she was my mother! She knew me, but I didn't know her – not until afterwards, that is. What do you think of this?

T.P.F.,
Brighton.

Frankly, we think you've been reading East of Eden *by John Steinbeck; but he tells the tale much better! The James Dean movie of this novel skated over the account of young Trask's meeting with his mother in the local brothel. No mention of Cathy's advanced SM techniques was made in the film, either.*

Lesbian Lowdown

Sir: I recently purchased a copy of *Men Only* that had simulated Lesbian pictures in it, and was rather surprised to see the girls had long, painted fingernails. If there is anything that puts a Lesbian off a girl, it's long fingernails. I felt sorry for both of them: dead pussies, unerected nipples and long fingernails – and trying to act as Lesbians!

Does your Art Director really know what a Lesbian looks like? It seems to me he has got hold of a couple of Strip or Bunny Club het girls, and using his male imagination: "Right, girls, we'll make this a big Les scene," made a fool of himself.

I believe he must think that there are two distinct types of Lesbian: Butch and Fem – the former with a bow-tie, cigar and leather jacket; the latter, a weak, fluffy creature. The chances are that the Butch would be a female transexual, while the Fem would be a masochistic het. *Neither* would be true Lesbian. These types are found in most gay clubs and bars and most of them are frauds – like your pictures.

I doubt very much if a real Lesbian would pose for pictures, as most of them are very adequate and self-contained people. They do not have hang-ups and frustrations often experienced by the male homosexual. They do not have to act or look gay. They communicate in a way another woman understands through a few glances.

I have shattered many a latent Lesbian with a male escort in this way, and the man has not had the slightest idea what it was all about. A picture of a genuine Lesbian, taken off her guard while winding up another woman who was showing interest in her, would be far more exciting than simulated Lesbian pictures using heterosexual girls who are trying (and failing dismally) to be Lesbians. But your problem would be trying to find a real Lesbian. They are rather special people, you see, and not easily identified unless, of course, you are a Lesbian yourself – or a latent one.

Liz,
Ashingdon, Essex.

Our Art Director comments: *You ask if I really know what a Lesbian looks like. Aren't they the ones with two heads, long black horns and two-inch spiked teeth with bile in between? Or could that be the mother-in-law I'm thinking of?* MO

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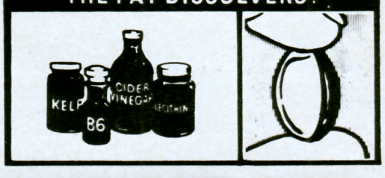

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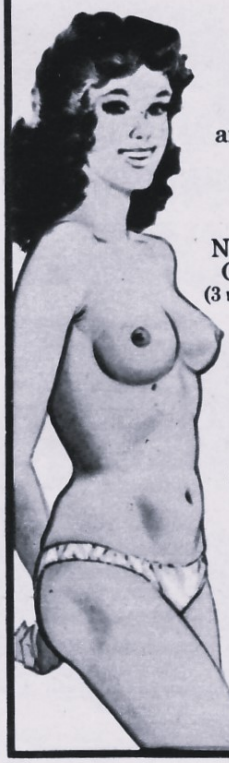

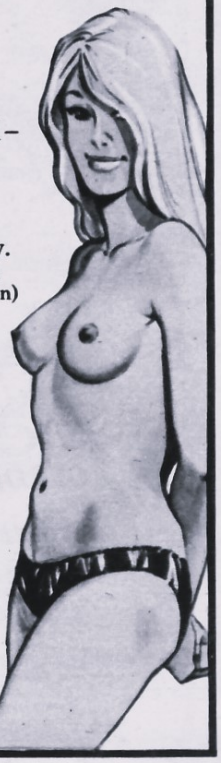

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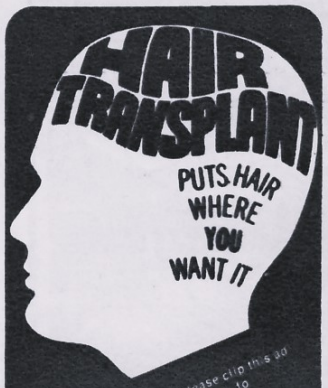

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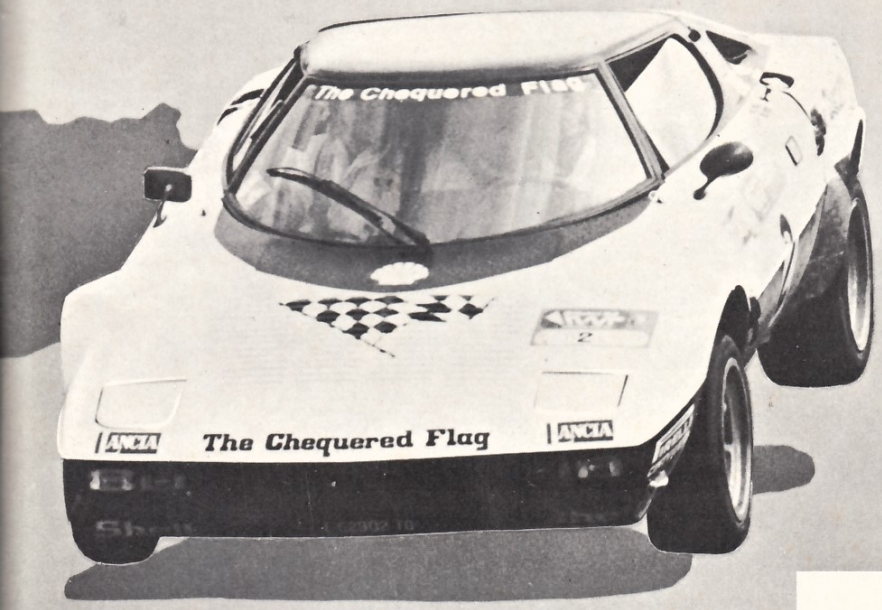

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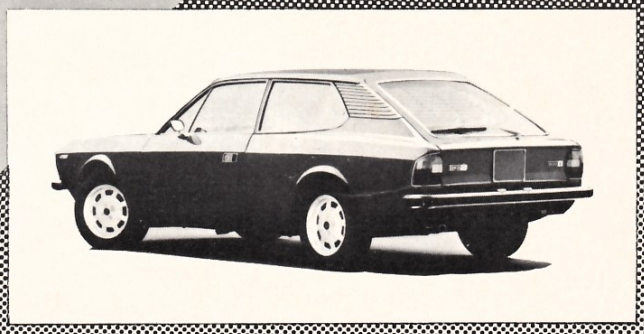

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